Vol 7 **The War Illustrated** No 177

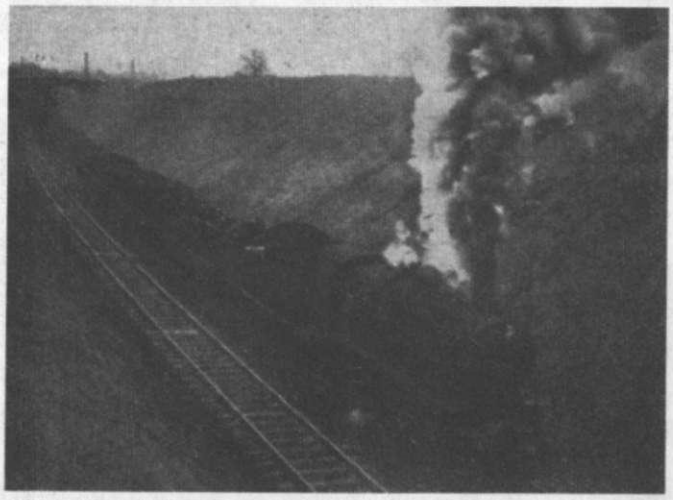
Edited by Sir John Hammerton

SIXPENCE · MARCH 31, 1944

LOCATING ENEMY MINES, this Red Army sapper wriggles along over the snow, pushing his detecting apparatus ahead, seeking shallowly buried explosives left in the wake of retreating Nazis to hinder the Russian advance. Each mine as discovered will be carefully lifted and rendered innocuous. The British method consists in detecting along a "lane" marked through the minefield with tapes; sappers follow, marking each position: then come the men who unearth the mines and remove the detonators. *Photo, U.S.S.R. Official*

NO. 178 WILL BE PUBLISHED FRIDAY, APRIL 14

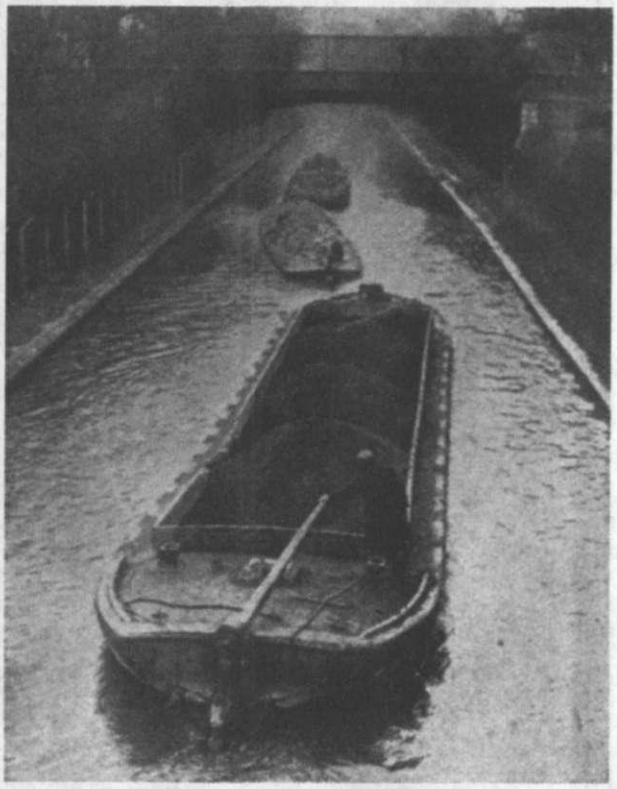
Our Roving Camera With Britain's Transport

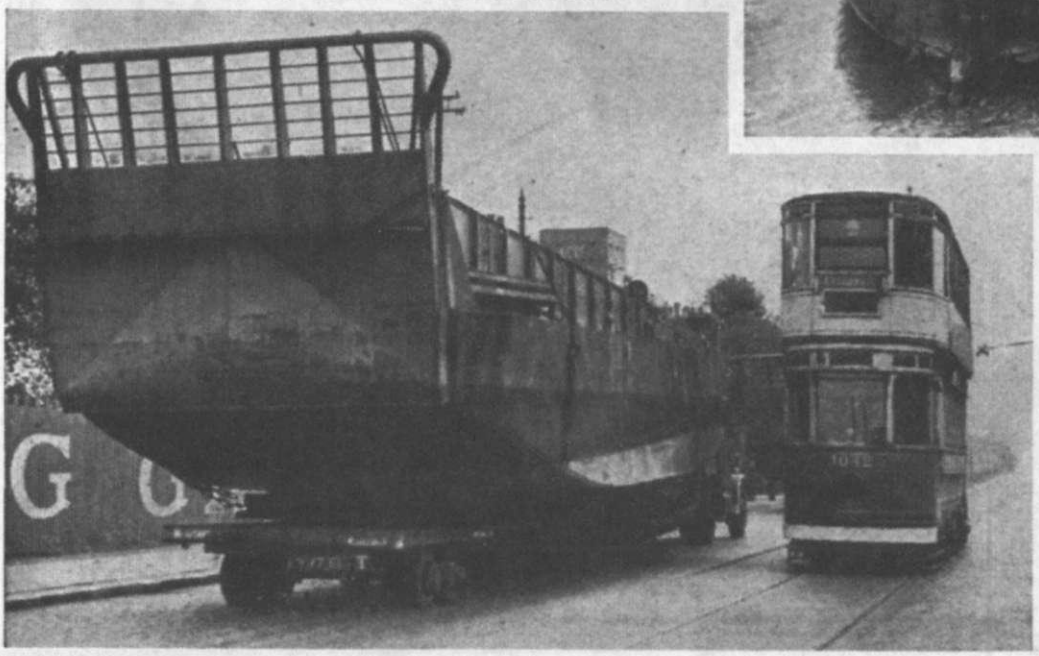


LADEN WITH IRON ORE is this train bound for a foundry in Yorkshire. The ore is converted into steel used in road and rail transport work and in engineering and machine construction; it is essential also for munition and armour plate making.

AN A.A. PATROL finds it hard going in the snowdrifts of Derbyshire during a recent wintry spell in the north of England. Automobile Association patrols are carrying out invaluable war tasks, helping to ensure the smooth running of road traffic.

THIS LONDON 'UTILITY' BUS, among the first of its kind, dispenses with pre-war cushioned comfort. Introduced in July 1943, it has wooden slatted seats which have not been seen in London's buses since 1925. There are 65 of these austerity vehicles in use at the present time.





COAL BARGES (above) proceed along the Regent's Canal in the heart of London—one stretch of the 2,000 miles of our inland waterways along which now travel 1,000,000 tons of cargo a year. Mainly a haunt of pleasure boats and waterfowl in peacetime, canals which had been long neglected in favour of road and rail transport have come into their own again under the stress of wartime needs.

INVASION CRAFT passes along a Manchester street (left) from works which produced it, towards the waters on which it will play its part, along with thousands of others, in gigantic operations to come. There are several types of these vessels, devised for every conceivable sea-borne attack purpose; this one is an L.C.M. (Landing Craft, Materials.)
See illus. pp. 656-657.

Photos, Fox, F. H. Brindley, Daily Mirror, Topical

THE BATTLE FRONTS

by Maj.-Gen. Sir Charles Gwynn, K.C.B., D.S.O.

NATIVE troops and native communities in Africa have played a part in the war which I suggest our American friends should not lose sight of when they indulge in criticisms of the Empire and its relations with the coloured races. Their part necessarily has been small, but we should appreciate the loyalty displayed and the fact that the contribution made was of great strategical value, out of all proportion to the numbers engaged.

For example, let me take the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, a country which I knew in the early years of its occupation after the liquidation of the Khalifa's regime, and when even the most optimistic never hoped to see it reach its present stage of prosperity, or that its occupation could ever be more than a safeguard of the interests of Egypt, especially her water supply.

When Mussolini conquered Abyssinia the strategic importance of the country increased, obviously, though it was equally obvious that so long as Britain could control the Suez Canal route there was no immediate danger, and that Italy had merely acquired a hostage to fortune. In the first year of the war that fact no doubt partly accounted for Italy's attitude of non-belligerency, and it was not considered necessary to strengthen the military forces in the country, although those forces were astonishingly small. They consisted primarily of the Sudan Defence Force.

NATIVE Sudanese troops commanded by a few British regular officers seconded for limited periods of service, but with educated Sudanese providing the bulk of the officer cadre. To give an idea of the quality of the latter, the first Sudanese to win a British decoration was a young officer of 6 months' service who, in the earlier fighting at Gallabat, was awarded the M.C. for rallying his platoon with lasting effect when it showed signs of wavering in its first encounter with bombs and other modern weapons. The force, only some 4,500 strong, though highly trained, was organized as an irregular army consisting of self-contained units of great mobility—motorized machine-gun groups and mounted infantry companies, as the nature of the districts in which they were normally stationed demanded. Essentially it was an armed constabulary available to support the civil police and to maintain order in outlying areas. In addition, at Khartoum a small number of British and Egyptian units were stationed, partly as a guard to the Headquarters of Government, but mainly as a token of the political status of the country.

MIDDLE East Position Precarious When France Collapsed

While Italy remained non-belligerent, beyond patrolling 1,200 miles of common frontier, no action was taken and friendly relations were maintained, British officers on occasion dining with Italians and receiving invitations to visit Italian H.Q. at Asmara in Eritrea. But when the collapse of France and the entry of Italy into the war rendered our position in the Middle East precarious the Italian Army of over 250,000 men in Abyssinia became a serious menace to surrounding British possessions, and General Wavell, requiring every man he could muster for the defence of Egypt, was unable to reinforce them. British Somaliland, unless strongly reinforced, was clearly indefensible, especially when the neighbouring French Colony of Jibuti became by the Armistice terms with Italy an Italian advanced base. Its loss in August 1940 had only prestige importance.

Kenya was protected by great stretches of difficult country on both sides of the frontier, and reinforced by South African troops seemed unlikely to be seriously attacked. The Sudan, on the other hand, was specially threatened. Even if a major invasion of Egypt through the Sudan seemed to be prohibited by great distances, yet its loss might gravely affect the attitude of the Egyptian Government, and a comparatively small force might have secured control of the Nile waters by capturing the great Aswan Dam.

Moreover, Eritrea, the headquarters and base of the Italian main forces in Abyssinia, well stocked with material accumulated for the Abyssinian war, gave an easy line of approach to the Sudan at the most vulnerable section of its frontier. A glance at the map shows that Kassala, lying 40 miles from the frontier on the railway from Port Sudan to Kordofan, was the main gateway for in-

IMPORTANCE OF SUDAN DEFENCE at the time of the Italian threat in July 1940 is shown above; the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan frontier line was within easy reach from Italian Eritrea.

Specially drawn for THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

vasion, and that farther south, Gallabat, on the main route from Gedaref to northern Abyssinia and Addis Ababa, gave a subsidiary point of entry. From Kassala the invader could strike direct at Khartoum, with possibly a column co-operating from Gallabat and Gedaref.

In the dry season the River Atbara would have been no great obstacle, and with motor transport the lack of water between that river and the Blue Nile would have presented no great difficulty. For political and prestige reasons the enemy might have struck direct at the capital, but at the time I thought it more probable his main objective would be Atbara, where the river of that name joins the Nile, and where the railways from Port Sudan and Wadi Halfa meet. The capture of these railways would have meant the isolation of the whole of the Sudan and would have rendered the recapture of the country an exceedingly difficult operation.

Why the Duc d'Aosta did not seize his opportunity but waited till Wavell, having defeated Graziani in Libya, was in a position to reinforce the Sudan and to take the offensive, is inexplicable. He may have had no heart in an aggressive war, but he was undoubtedly imposed upon by one of the greatest bluffs in military history and which became more potent when news of Wavell's victories in Libya shook Italian morale.

Immediately on their declaration of war the Italians began a series of bombing raids on Kassala, Gedaref and other centres. Their frontier posts, particularly opposite Kassala and Gallabat, were reinforced and there was a concentration at Umm Hagar which threatened an advance on Gedaref. These were indications that an invasion was contemplated, but it was unlikely it would be attempted seriously till after the rainy season, which had already started in Abyssinia and was soon to begin in the Sudan.

DARING Desert Frontier Raids by Sudan Defence Force

Preliminary attempts to capture Kassala and Gallabat were, however, expected and though, with the weak forces available, determined resistance at either place was out of the question, in face of a strong attack there was no question of lightly abandoning them. On the contrary, adopting the same offensive policy as Wavell pursued in Libya, the S.D.F. began at once to harass the enemy, raiding across the frontier and ambushing his patrols—the motor-machine-gun group at Kassala being especially active and successful. As typical of its work, one day a patrol bumped into an Italian battalion which promptly dispersed into the bush, firing wildly. A few days later another patrol met the same battalion and, closing to 100 yards range, inflicted heavy casualties on it without loss to themselves. On another occasion an Italian cavalry force 1,200 strong was routed by a machine-gun company.

These activities soon established a complete moral ascendancy over the enemy and caused him grossly to over-estimate our strength. On July 4, 1940, however, he advanced and, supported by aircraft, occupied Kassala and Gallabat, our own troops withdrawing according to plan to previously prepared positions without losing contact or abandoning their harassing tactics. At Kassala withdrawal was in any case necessary during the rains. The enemy having occupied these frontier posts settled down into defensive positions.

UNTIL well on in autumn rains caused a lull; in October, when the enemy might be expected to make a serious attempt at invasion, offensive patrolling was resumed with renewed strength and vigour; newly recruited units had slightly increased our strength, and by constantly changing points of attack the enemy was given the impression that strong reinforcements had arrived. After changing hands several times Gallabat was finally recaptured on November 11. The enemy's morale steadily deteriorated and news of Wavell's victory at Sidi Barani, on December 11, did not improve it.

Having removed all immediate danger to Egypt at Sidi Barani, Wavell was able at last to reinforce the Sudan and to put into operation his plans for the liquidation of the menace from Abyssinia. On January 18, 1941, General Platt's campaign into Eritrea and Northern Abyssinia was launched, the Italians withdrawing from Kassala on that date. Sudan Defence Force units co-operated with distinction with the various columns of General Platt's command and with the Emperor's patriot forces. Space does not permit me to record their exploits in the campaign, but an interesting account of them will be found in the Journal of the Royal African Society of July 1942.

To give an example, however, of the tasks they carried out. When an Italian force, 12,000 strong, retired on Debra Marcos, two companies of the newly-formed Frontier Battalion of the S.D.F. totalling 300 men sufficed to pin them to their trenches.

Unusual Weapons in Action on Italian Fronts

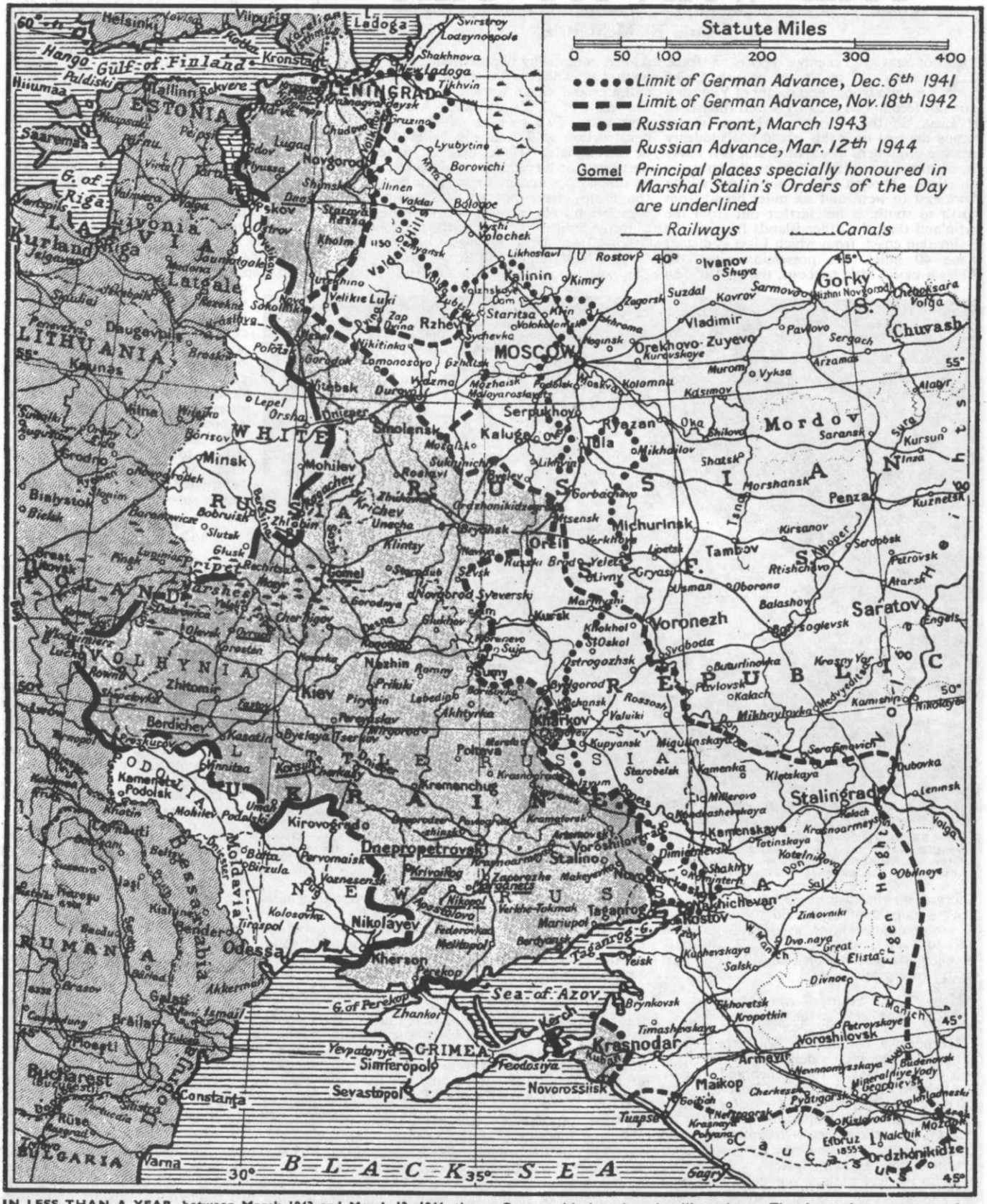
ONCE THE GERMANS FIRED IT, but now U.S. soldiers of the 5th Army in Italy are learning how to use this captured anti-tank gun against its former owners.

LONG TOMS were used by British troops for the first time against Chieti, south of Pescara, on the 8th Army front; they are American 155-mm. guns firing a 95-lb. shell, and the gunners ramming the big projectile home into the breech (above) are units of a heavy artillery battery. Other batteries in the same regiment still use British artillery.

GERMAN SECRET WEAPON that did not prove effective is this radio controlled miniature tank (centre, right), packed with high explosive and used against our Anzio beach-head positions on Feb. 19, 1944; our gunners knocked out 14. Ready to fire on the Nazis at St. Angelo, on the main 5th Army front, are these camouflaged 75-mm. guns (bottom), mounted on half-tracks; a half-track vehicle is one which, unlike a tank or bren-carrier, has front wheels of normal motor car pattern free from tracks.

Photos, British and U.S. Official, Topical

Westward March of Russia's Battle Lines



IN LESS THAN A YEAR, between March 1943 and March 12, 1944, the Red Army had thrust the Germans out of a vast area of territory (exceeding 500 miles at its greatest breadth), shown by tinted area in the centre of map above. The total advance westwards since Nov. 1942 covers 1,200 miles from the Caucasus. Comparison between these huge gains and the earlier German advances may be made by means of the symbols which outline the limit of the German advance to Dec. 6, 1941, the second limit to Nov. 18, 1942, the Russian front in March 1943, and the advance up to March 12, 1944, the dates chosen being the most critical periods in this front.

In 1942 the Russian offensive proceeded in the Lake Ilmen region until the end of March ; in 1943, on the Central Front, it ended about March 22, followed by a long lull. The present Red Army drive shows no signs of slackening, and the question giving grave concern to the German High Command is how long it will continue. They know that, except at a few scattered points, their front line has little stability now.

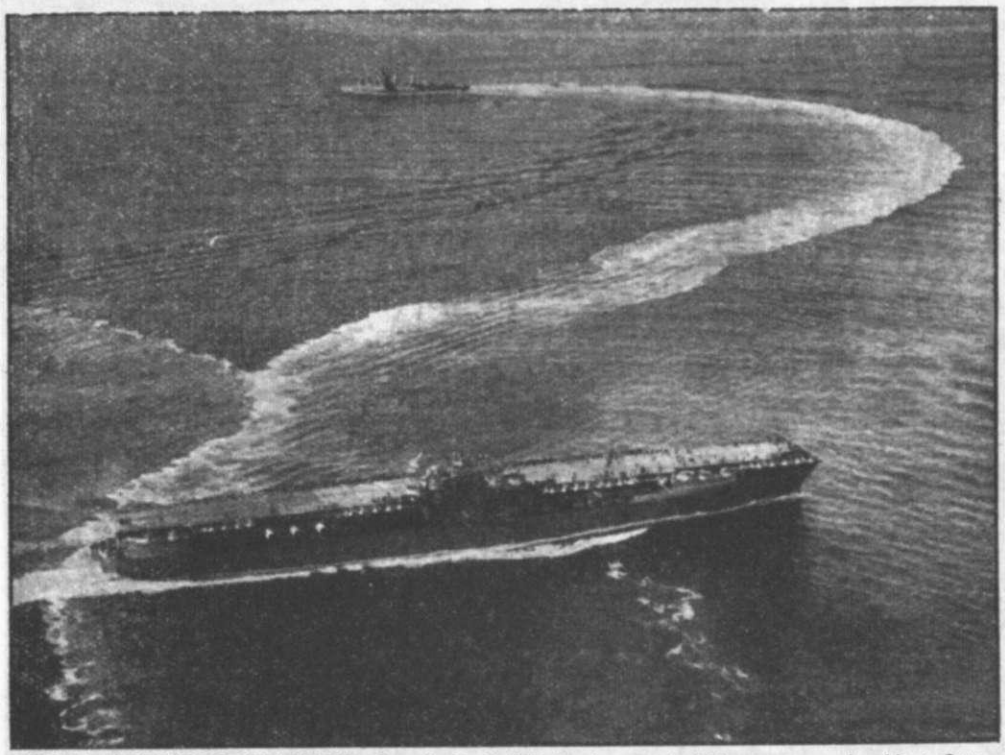
Present indications are that there is little to prevent the Russians from adding to their latest triumphs. These by March 20, 1944, were the crossing of the River Dniester, the border of Bessarabia which was ceded to Russia in 1940, and the capture of the Moldavian town of Soroka. To the north-west, on the First Ukrainian Front, Red Army forces had taken the Polish town of Krzemieniec, 20 miles beyond the pre-war 1939 Polish frontier. On the Second Ukrainian Front the streets of Vinnitsa, strongest Nazi fortress of the line, had been penetrated, and a large part of the railway centre of Kovel, 40 miles north-west of Luck, was also in Russian hands.

By courtesy of George Philip & Son, Ltd.

THE WAR AT SEA

by Francis E. McMurtrie

ACCORDING to enemy reports, a force composed partly of British Commando troops and partly of Yugoslav partisan formations recently seized the island of Lissa, in the Adriatic. This is by no means the first time this island has suddenly become prominent in wartime, nor is it likely to be the last, a fact due to its strategic situation. Though only about 11 miles long from east to west, and six miles broad from north to south, it lies farther out from the mainland than the other islands fringing the Dalmatian coast, from which Lissa is distant some 40 miles. Its possession gives the Allies a useful little harbour, the port of San Giorgio, on the eastern side of the Adriatic. This is important as an aid to the control of sea communications, as there is no good harbour on the opposite coast of Italy between Bari and Ancona, and the latter port is still in enemy hands.



HITLER BLUNDERED YET AGAIN when, in April 1943 he decorated a U-boat commander, Lieut. Otto von Bülow, for "sinking" the U.S. aircraft carrier Ranger—seen above with attendant destroyer. Six months later the Ranger took part, with a British task force, in raiding enemy vessels in Norwegian waters. In, that period she had sunk 40,000 tons of shipping. *Photo, New York Times Photos*

ONLY Scanty German Naval Forces in the Adriatic

During the Napoleonic Wars the island, which had long been a dependency of Venice, was occupied first by the French and later by the British. In 1811 a Franco-Venetian force of eight frigates, with two smaller vessels, under Commodore Dubourdieu, sailed from Ancona with the object of recapturing Lissa. Off the island this squadron was brought to action by four British frigates under Captain William Hoste, and decisively defeated, losing half its strength. In 1866, during the war between Italy and Austria, a very similar result attended the efforts of the Italian fleet under Admiral Persano, to take the island. At the Battle of Lissa on July 20, 1866, Persano lost two ironclads and had other ships disabled by the Austrian fleet under Admiral Tegetthoff, which lost no ships.

It is improbable that the Germans will attempt any kind of naval sortie to recapture Lissa. Their forces in the Adriatic are scanty, comprising two ex-Italian battleships, neither of which is in seaworthy condition, and a cruiser which we put out of action as the result of an air attack on Ancona some time ago. Two cruisers which were under construction at Trieste are believed still to be incomplete. There may be a few old destroyers or torpedo boats available, as well as submarines and motor torpedo boats, but the enemy have not so far shown much disposition to be adventurous with these.

In the South-West Pacific the net continues to close round the Japanese forces in New Britain, New Ireland and Bougainville. With the seizure of the main airfield in the Admiralty group, immediately to the westward of New Ireland, the United States Navy has combined a daring incursion into the harbour of Rabaul, which seems to have been left to its fate by the Japanese High Command. This port and Kavieng were the headquarters of the Japanese forces in the South-West Pacific island area, but now that communications with Japan by sea and air are practically at an end the fate of both bases is scarcely in doubt. United States Marines continue to advance along the coast from the western end of New Britain, and fresh landings may be expected to bring the threat to Rabaul closer.

WHEN introducing the Navy Estimates the First Lord of the Admiralty threw fresh light on the progress of the Battle of the Atlantic. It was already known that the tide turned dramatically against the U-boats at the opening of spring last year, though for some time heavy attacks continued to be made. Sometimes as many as 30 enemy submarines would be involved in an attack on a convoy, but increased escort forces, operating in close conjunction with aircraft from carriers or from shore bases, inflicted defeats so severe that the U-boats "virtually abandoned the North Atlantic for some months." In spite of their heavy losses, the Germans are believed to have still at their disposal about the same number of submarines as at the beginning of 1943. On the other hand, it may well be questioned whether they possess an adequate proportion of experienced submarine captains, most of the more daring and skilful ones having been eliminated. One of the recent casualties is reported to be a son of Grossadmiral Dönitz, the German naval chief.

IN spite of reverses, the Germans continue to build more concrete pens for U-boats in the ports from which they operate. New weapons and equipment have been provided in an endeavour to enable the submarines to overcome the obstacles that have defeated them. Additional anti-aircraft guns mounted in U-boats have not prevented our planes from pressing home their attacks, nor has the invention of the acoustic torpedo added appreciably to the few successes the enemy have been able to score. One of the latest plans seems to have been to co-ordinate attacks on convoys by long-range aircraft with those of enemy submarines; but our escort fighters have proved equal to this fresh threat. For the development of the various measures by which the defeat of the U-boats has been achieved the First Lord paid a well-deserved tribute to the late Admiral of the Fleet Sir Dudley Pound, whose far-sighted planning was the secret of our success.

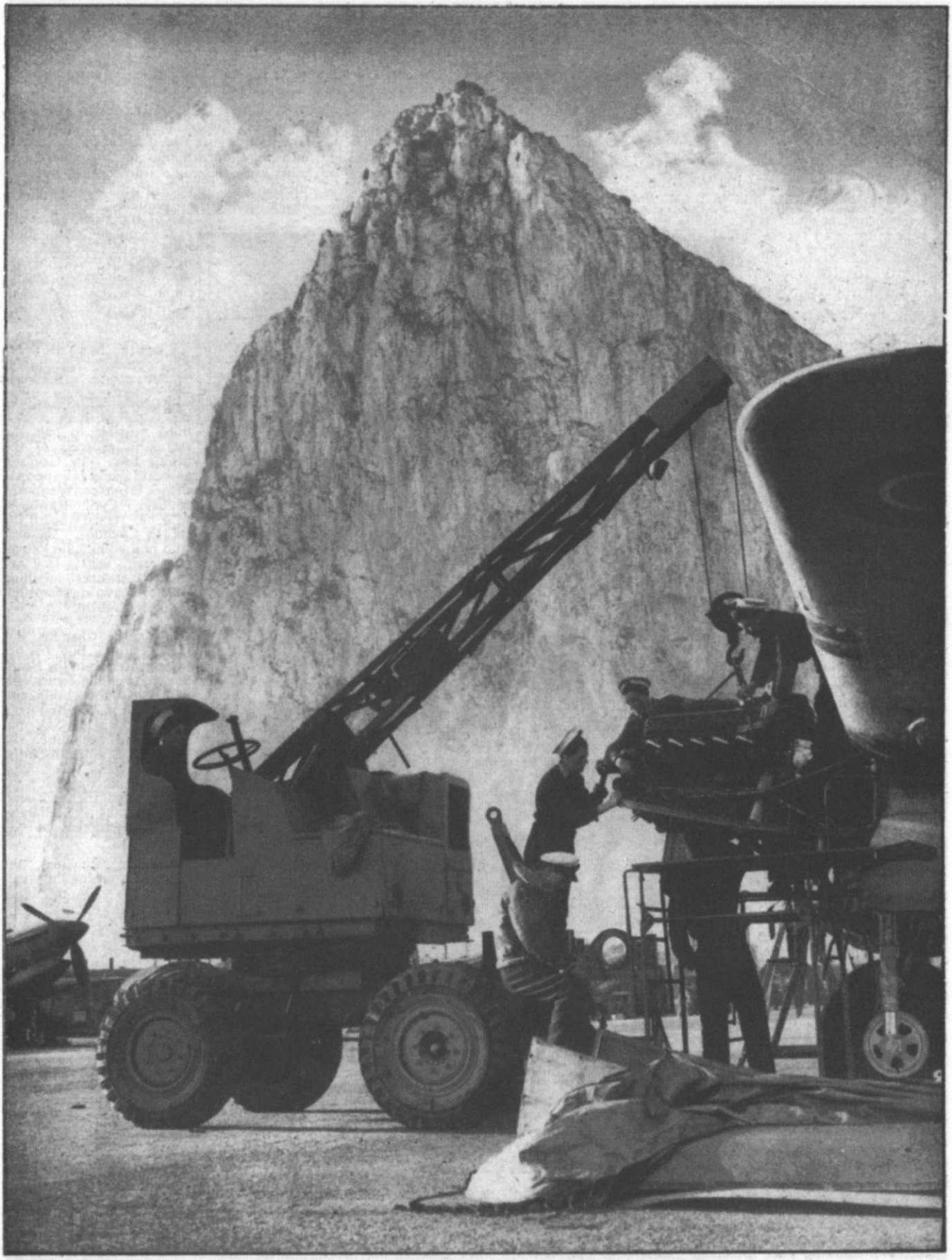
SERIOUS Losses of Enemy Shipping

Having regard to the relative shipping resources of the Allies and of the enemy countries, there is no doubt that the latter are now suffering more serious losses than the former. British and Allied submarines (such as the Norwegian Ula and the Polish Sokol and Dzik) are constantly engaged in operations against German coastal convoys, and their efforts are supplemented by air attacks across the North Sea. In the Pacific there must come a time when the Japanese no longer have enough shipping to maintain communications with their forces overseas.

IT was disclosed that the maintenance of the Nettuno beach-head had cost our Navy, up to the first week in March, losses which included the cruisers Spartan and Penelope, the destroyers Inglefield and Janus, and five landing craft described by Mr. Alexander as "major assault vessels." Previously the existence of H.M.S. Spartan had not been revealed, though an official photograph of a naval bombardment off Nettuno had shown in the foreground a cruiser, otherwise unidentified, which appeared to be of an improved Dido type (see illus. p. 614). It seems reasonable to conclude that the Spartan was not the only new cruiser of this design; and in due course we may expect to hear some official mention of the doings of her sister ships. Altogether our cruiser losses have amounted to 28 ships since the war began.

Mr. Angus Macdonald, Canadian Minister of National Defence for the Naval Service, has announced that the Dominion will shortly acquire two modern cruisers from the Admiralty, besides manning a couple of aircraft carriers. Other additions in 1944 will be 100 smaller fighting ships and a considerable number of auxiliary vessels. This calls attention to the phenomenal expansion which the Royal Canadian Navy has undergone. In 1939 its personnel comprised less than 4,500, including all reserves. Today it exceeds 70,000, and by the end of the year it is expected to have reached 90,000.

Fleet Air Arm Base on the Rock of Gibraltar



H.M.S. CORMORANT II, one of the non-seagoing homes of aircraft of the Fleet, is the Royal Naval Air Station on the racecourse of the famous towering Rock. Planes from such redoubtable carriers as H.M.S. Illustrious, Indomitable and Formidable have also operated from here; others, patrolling the Straits by day and by night, have sent to the sea-bed many a Nazi submarine. Aided by a mobile crane, Service mechanics are seen putting an overhauled engine into a Beaufighter.

Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

Fishermen of Britain Fight to Bring Us Food

Enemy planes may swoop and gun them as they trawl. Mine and shell, torpedo and bomb : the hardy sons of Britain who battle for our fish must face these too, even as they combat fierce storms. A great and heroic role they are acting today, these coastal fearnoughts, as described here by JOHN ALLEN GRAYDON. See also facing page.

ON the eve of our declaration of war on Germany, in September 1939, nearly seventy per cent of our fishing fleet was called for service with the Royal Navy. As members of the Royal Naval Reserve, they expected this call to arms. After all, who knew the coastal waters around the British Isles better than they ? Who better fitted for the dangerous task of fishing for mines ? As these fishermen prepared to fight the enemy, the thoughts of others turned to the immediate future of the fishing industry. They realized that fish would now become a more essential food than ever before, but who was to take these vacant places in the hunt for fish ?

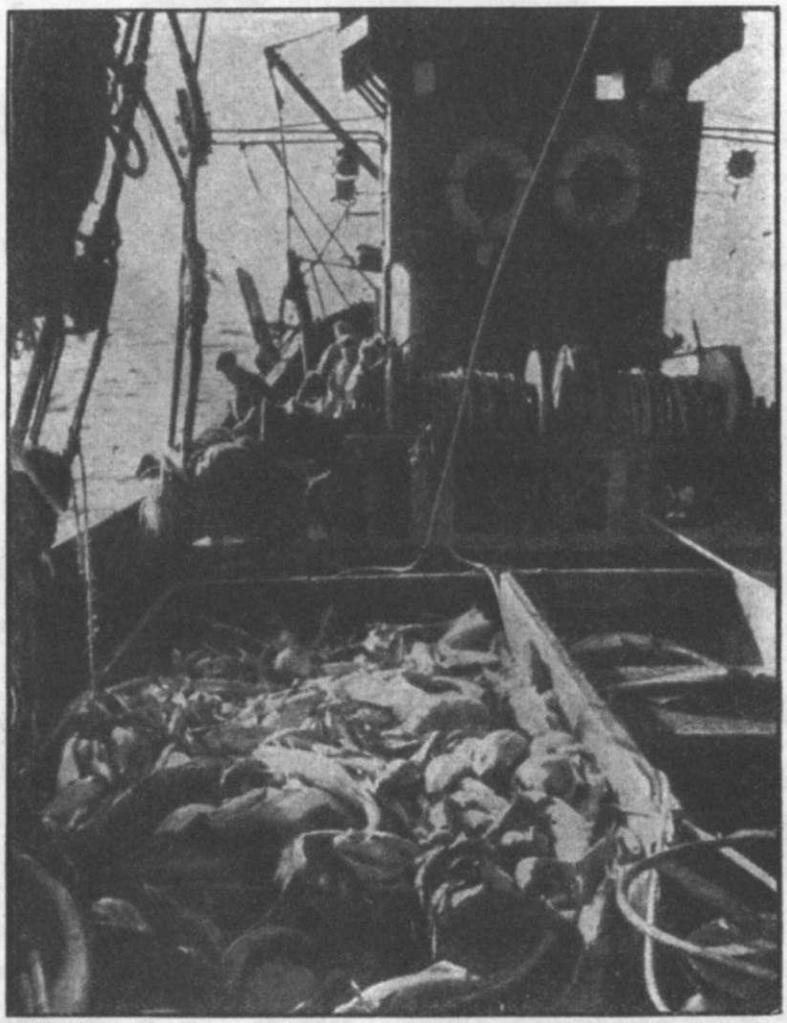
Ancient mariners and young boys, aboard trawlers that in some cases had long been laid aside as out-of-date, took up the challenge of the sea—and in so doing faced mine, shell, bullet, bomb and torpedo. But it takes more even than that to prevent mariners of Britain from putting to sea. So, despite all obstacles, the fishing fleets have brought in good supplies throughout the war, although many of their best hunting grounds are today barred, for obvious reasons.

IN my travels around the country I have had opportunities of talking with these grand men of the sea. Always do they praise their colleagues. Never once have I heard a fisherman seek praise for his own work. In Aberdeen, Grimsby, Fleetwood and Yarmouth, in Ramsgate, Deal and Dover, I have listened with interest to stories of great bravery and devotion to duty. Yet, outside the immediate circle of fishermen, few people realize to what lengths our fishing fleet goes to assure Britain's supply of fish.

These tough-as-nails fishermen, many of whom also make up the crews of our lifeboats, have produced more than one man who has been honoured. One of the most recent is seventy-year-old Skipper J. C. Locke, of the trawler Mizpah, who comes from Rye. During the First Great War he served with distinction in the Dover Patrol, and when we again went to war he offered his services to the Royal Navy once more. They told him he was too old—so back went the skipper to his fishing grounds in the English Channel.

On many occasions he has fished whilst dog-fights were taking place overhead. He must have seen as many aerial battles as any other man during the Battle of Britain. Several times German machines swooped and gunned him as he trawled, but always did they miss. Within sight of the enemy's guns, never knowing when some arm of the German war machine might attempt to end his career, Skipper Locke went about his work. Then one afternoon two German fighters, keeping clear of the R.A.F. and seeking an easy victim, turned their cannon guns upon the little Mizpah.

From mast-height they riddled the trawler. Two of Locke's men were killed by his side. He himself was wounded and lost consciousness. On recovering he observed that an incendiary bullet had pierced the boat's petrol tank and that part of the deck was on fire. Despite very painful injuries Skipper Locke successfully fought the flames and washed the burning petrol overboard. His jacket caught fire, and his left arm was severely burnt. But he again smothered the flames—and for the second time lost consciousness. Another trawler, sensing trouble aboard Locke's command, hurried to the rescue, pulled him aboard, and beached the Mizpah. Today, recovered from his injuries, Skipper Locke is once more on fishing duty.



DANGERS ARE HEAVY and the catch is sometimes considerably lighter than the North Atlantic haul seen here ; but the fishing trawlers carry on with their task of adding to our food supplies, braving man-made perils of the wartime seas and of the air, as told in this page. *Photo, Keystone*

IN the waters of the North Sea more than one Nazi, in plane or E-boat, has cause to remember the gallantry and determination of the men who go down to the sea for fish. On one occasion, when E-boats were very active off the East Coast, a trawler, setting course for the fishing grounds, found herself surrounded by four of these enemy torpedo boats. One opened fire.

The answer the enemy received, in hot lead, from the trawler, caused great confusion. One E-boat was seen to near-capsize, some men were thrown into the water, and the other craft, sensing a trap, opened fire. In the darkness, however, their fire was directed at each other ! Eventually, much to the joy of the fishermen, who were completely outgunned, the German forces fled towards the Dutch coast. To this day they probably think it was a special anti-E-boat patrol that had attempted to trap them.

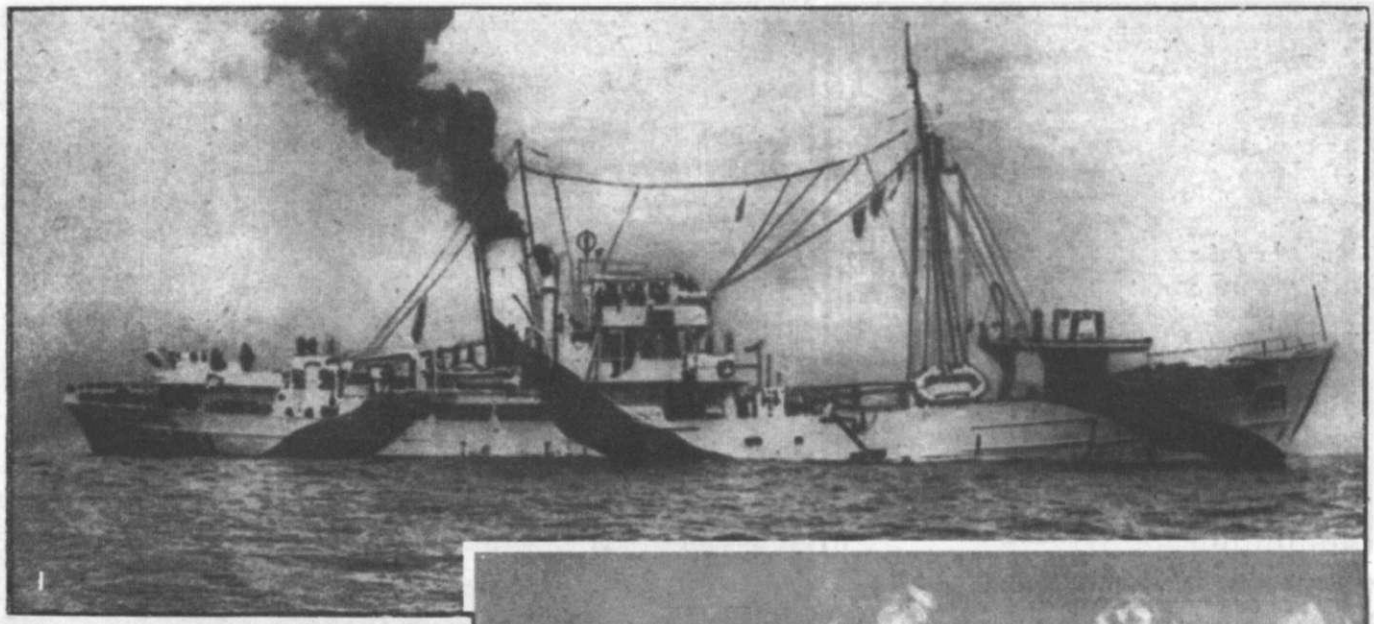
Youth has played a distinguished part in this never-ceasing " Fight for Fish "—for fight it is, with the weather as the enemy's ally doing everything possible to halt the successful progress of the fishing fleet. In Grimsby I heard several people praise eighteen-year-old trimmer Cyril Rawlings, who has served aboard the trawler Chandos. The men who praised him are known for their usual lack of enthusiasm over anything —but Rawlings' pluck impressed them.

WHEN the Chandos was putting out to her fishing grounds in the North Sea, snow piling against the windows of the wheelhouse, a German plane dived from out of the grey sky and riddled the wheelhouse. The skipper was killed instantly. In his cabin the mate, wounded in the last war, stumped on the deck and, entering the wheelhouse, saw a sight that he will never forget.

Trimmer Rawlings, the boy, was showing the greatness of a fighting man. Blood was pouring down his trousers into his sea-boots ; but at the gun he was keeping up a terrific fire at the plane circling above. Twice the German dived at the trawler, guns blazing. But Rawlings, as cool as if he were at practice, returned the enemy fire. And when it had made its third dive, the boy pumped lead into the German machine's tail. Smoke suddenly streaked out, and the enemy pilot turned for home.

Then, his job completed and the Chandos safe, Rawlings collapsed. During this battle he had lost several pints of blood, but never had he taken his finger from the trigger. A little later, when the nets were hauled aboard, pieces of a German plane were found among the catch of cod. Had the youthful trimmer shot down the Nazi machine ? It is quite possible, but the fishermen made no claims. It is not their habit. They do the work and let others do the shouting. Their official records will add to the tales of the sea when the last All Clear has sounded.

This Trawler Helped to Send a U-Boat to its Doom



FISH was the quarry of H.M. trawler Imperialist before the war ; now she hunts U-boats. Since early 1940, when she discarded fishing nets for guns and depth charges, the Imperialist has gained for herself a long record of achievements ; she is credited with having shot down a German Condor aircraft which attempted to attack an Atlantic convoy, and with assisting at the capture of an enemy blockade runner. Her latest exploit, announced on Feb. 20, 1944, was a great part played in destroying a U-boat in the Straits of Gibraltar.

Describing this successful attack, the Commanding Officer of the Imperialist, Lieut.-Cmdr. B. H. Craig Rodgers, R.N.V.R., said : "The first salvo from our 4-in. gun crippled the enemy's forward gun. The Imperialist's smaller armament must have scored nearly a hundred hits. The U-boat submerged or sank, so we proceeded over the position and dropped some more depth charges—about four tons in all."

Built in 1939, and in peacetime sailing from Hull, she began her fighting career in the early days of the Norwegian campaign.

BEAM VIEW of H.M. trawler Imperialist (1), and at action stations (2) on one of her Bofors guns. Two seamen pass the clips, each containing four shells, to the loader who places them in the magazine. The Bofors fires 120 shells per minute ; there are two types, a light 14-mm. firing a 2-lb shell, and a 3-in. firing a 16-lb shell.

SMILING CREW of the Imperialist (3). The Commanding Officer, Lieut.-Cmdr. B. H. Craig Rodgers, is sixth from the left in the second row. The ship and her crew have been adopted by Osset Grammar School, Yorkshire, and also by the Rotary Club, Chelmsford, Essex. Armed trawlers such as the Imperialist have added greatly to Britain's naval strength. Early in the war they proved their versatility, engaging in the transport of stores, in minesweeping and convoy work. They are comparatively slow, but have great sea-range.

Photos, British Official

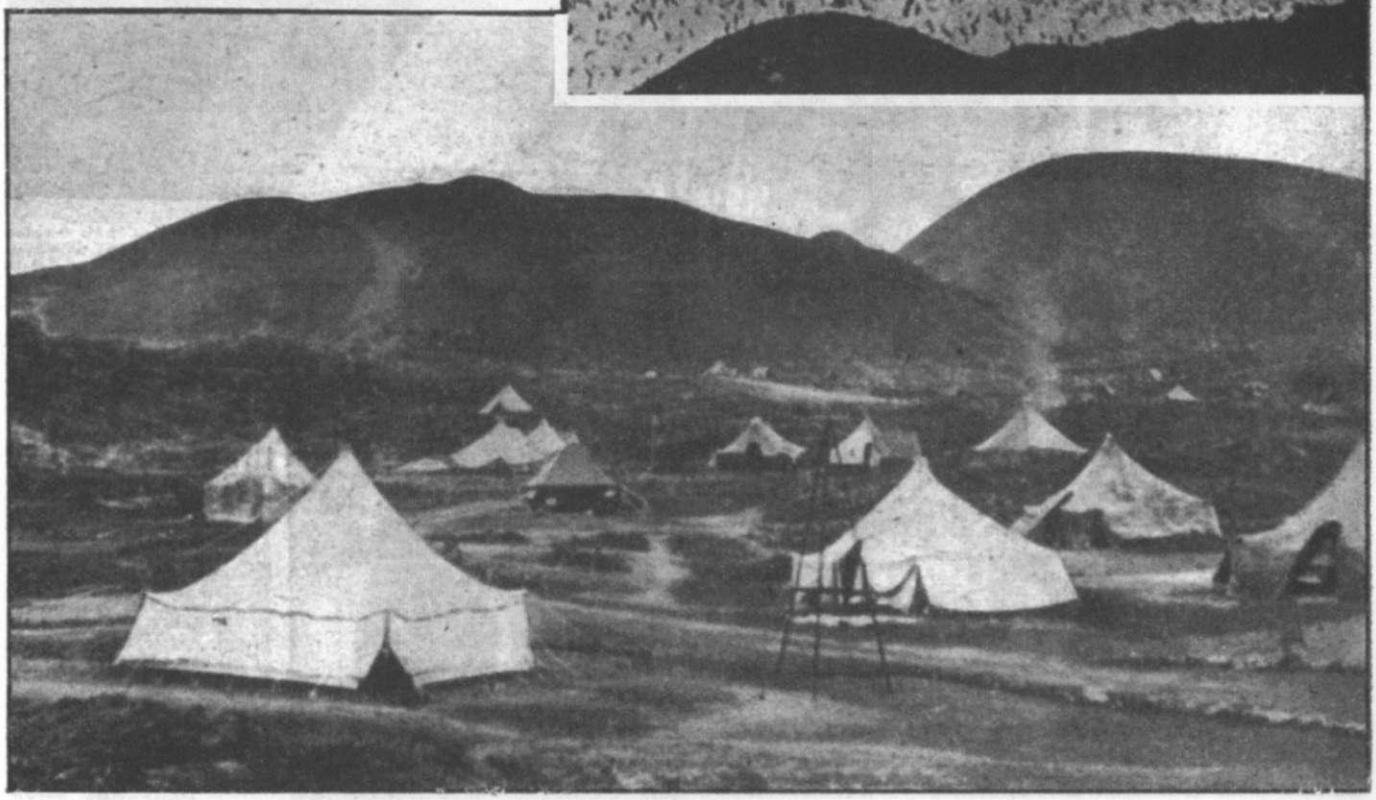
Our Colonies in the War: No. 4—Ascension

THIRTY-FOUR SQUARE MILES Ascension Island occupies an important place in the war effort of the British Empire. Discovered by a Portuguese, Joao da Nova, in 1501, on Ascension Day, it remained uninhabited until after the arrival of Napoleon as a prisoner on St. Helena, when it was garrisoned by the British Government and administered by the Admiralty, who named the island H.M.S. Ascension. In 1922 it became part of the dependency of the colony of St. Helena and passed into the jurisdiction of the Colonial Office.

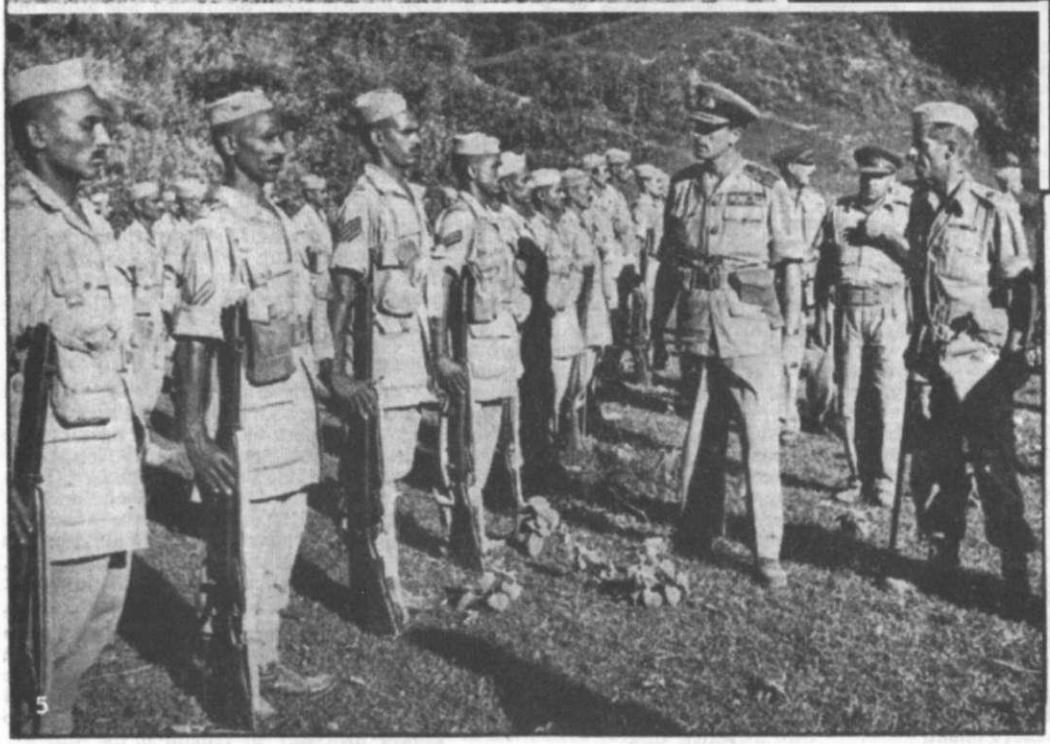
Most vital role played by Ascension Island is as a wireless station relaying messages from all parts of the world. The company of Cable and Wireless Ltd. are in charge of this important work ; they control a 300,000-mile chain of telegraph routes. Except for a handful of native guano workers, the cables staff, their families and servants, are the only inhabitants : they have transformed this island of 39 craters, dominated by the 2,500-ft. Green Mountain, into a habitable link in the chain of the Empire. Position of Ascension is shown in the map above ; 2,000 miles from W. Africa, it is equi-distant between W. Africa and S. America and is 3,350 miles by air from the nearest West Indian port.

It has also become a ferry-point for Allied planes ; a U.S. aircraft (right) comes in to land through a cloud of sooty terns or Wideawake birds. Below, U.S. Army tents in an area where engineers have hacked out of the mountainous terrain runways for the planes passing through the island.

Photos, New York Times Photos, Keystone



14th Army Jungle-Fighters Wipe Out Japanese



IN THE BURMA WILDS British and Indian troops recently won their first big victory over the Japanese in Arakan. A strong force encircled the 7th Division of our 14th Army; supplies were flown to our men in R.A.F. and U.S. planes. Finally the Japanese, depleted in numbers, were themselves surrounded by 14th Army reinforcements and liquidated.

Three of our jungle warriors (1) rest in the undergrowth: they are (left to right), L./Cpl. W. Foskett, of a Midland regiment, who comes from Wellingborough; Major J. C. Lamb, Royal Artillery, of Chelsea; and Lieut. H. A. Vansen, Gurkha Rifles, of Teddington. On the North Burma front Chinese soldiers carry a wounded comrade (2), while others bring in blindfolded Japanese prisoners (3). A Kachin tribesman scout, one of many fighting for the Allies, takes up a sniping position in a tree (4). Adm. Lord Louis Mountbatten, G.C.V.O., D.S.O., Supreme Allied Commander in S.E. Asia, inspects Indian troops near the Arakan frontier (5). See map in p. 556.

Photos, British Official; Keystone, Planet News

Gladly Would the Finns Get Out of the War

Great was the interest with which the war between Finland and Soviet Russia in the winter of 1939–40 was followed. Once again Finland is in the forefront of the world's news : not now regarded, however, as a gallant little people defying a Goliath, but as the unhappy victim of her own shortsighted and misguided politicians, as indicated here by E. ROYSTON PIKE.

WHEN in the winter of 1939 Finland was attacked by Soviet Russia, the sympathies of the democratic world were engaged on the side of a little nation represented as struggling to maintain its freedom against a totalitarian monster.

For a few weeks it seemed as if the impossible were about to become the accomplished. The Finns fought well, and the Red Army staggered and stumbled in the snows. In this country and in America those who still retained their anti-Bolshevik prejudices and fears openly rejoiced over the discomfiture of a country, a system of government and society, whose fall they had so long hoped for and (but with diminishing confidence) prophesied. There was even talk of sending an expeditionary force of British and French to aid the Finns.

Looking back on that time, so near if we count our days by the leaves of a calendar, so infinitely remote if we think of the immense changes that four years have brought, such talk seems just midsummer madness, although it is only fair to remember that at that time and for nearly eighteen months longer the Soviet was the partner if not the actual ally of our German foe. Fortunately for us, there was so swift a change in the Finnish war that we were not militarily involved. The Russians brought up their steam-hammer to crack the obstinately hard nut.

The nut was cracked, even crushed. Across the Mannerheim Line the Red Army poured in overwhelming strength. The Finnish towns, of wooden construction for the most part, were blistered and burnt by the Soviet bombers. The Finns threw in the towel and accepted the terms—in the world's opinion not unduly harsh—imposed by the victors. In March 1940 the peace treaty was signed in Moscow.

A Most Fateful June Morning

But the Finns, watching the developing struggle between Germany and the Allies, hoped and worked for a *revanche*. Germany had given them no aid in their struggle, whereas Britain and France had supplied military stores and equipment and offered troops. Yet it was to Germany that the supposedly ultra-democratic Finns now tended to turn, as it became more and more apparent that Hitler was bent on taking the Moscow road. On a June morning in 1941, surely one of the most fateful mornings in the history of the world, the German armies crossed the frontier into Russia ; and Hitler's proclamation to the German people, read over the wireless by Dr. Goebbels, boasted that "the champions of Finnish liberty, commanded by their Marshal [Mannerheim], are protecting Finnish territory," and that the shore of the Arctic Ocean was manned by the German victors of Narvik and "their Finnish comrades."

THREE days later President Ryti said the Russians had made an attack on Finland (but this was denied in Moscow), and that the new war was therefore one of defence. On June 27 Field Marshal Mannerheim issued an Order of the Day to his Army in which he proclaimed a "holy war" against Russia on the side of Germany. He followed this up with another proclamation, on July 11, in which he said that a "great Finland" was their objective, and the "liberation" of the Karelian people on both sides of the isthmus.

Not long afterwards Vaino Tanner, one of the strongest of Finland's politicians and a confirmed anti-Russian, asserted that Finland had no desire to do more than recover the territories lost in the 1939–40 war ; but though these were soon overrun by the German-Finn armies, there was no peace for Finland. Whether they wanted to or not, the Finns were irremovably fastened to Hitler's chariot wheels. Finn troops helped Dietl and his seven or eight German-Austrian divisions in their attack on Murmansk, and Finns were involved in that threat to Leningrad which came so dangerously near to success. If the attack had been launched from behind the old Finnish frontier Leningrad would almost certainly have fallen. These things are remembered by the Russians. We should remember them too.

Since then not far short of three years have slipped away. In the spring of 1944 the Finns were still at Germany's side, the declared foes not only of Russia but of Britain (while the U.S.A. gave them a last warning to "get out of the war" or add America to the list of their enemies). Gladly, ever so gladly, the Finns would have "got out." But *could* they ? To Stockholm in February went old Paasikivi, former Finnish prime minister and (so it was reported) persona grata with Moscow (he conducted the negotiations which ended the war in 1940). In the Swedish capital he made contact with Mme. Kollontay, the Soviet Union's ambassador to Sweden. The old lady—as chic and charming as in the days, so long ago, when she, the daughter of a Russian Tsarist general, became a revolutionary and startled the Bolshevik world with the elegance of her wardrobe and the number and variety of her amours—acted as go-between ; and on Feb. 29 Moscow broadcast the terms handed by Mme. Kollontay to M. Paasikivi on Feb. 16 as the basis for an armistice.

WHILE FINLAND HESITATES the Red Army closes in on Pskov (south of Narva at foot of map), capture of which would cut off Finland from Germany and jeopardize Dietl's troops in the north.

Specially drawn for THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

They required the rupture of Finnish relations with Germany and the internment of German troops and warships in Finland, with the understanding that if this were considered by Finland to be beyond her power, then the Soviet Union would be ready to offer her the necessary assistance with its troops and air force ; the re-establishment of the Soviet-Finnish treaty of 1940 and the withdrawal of the Finnish troops to the 1940 frontier ; and the immediate repatriation of Soviet and Allied prisoners of war and civilians in the Finnish labour-camps. The partial or complete demobilization of the Finnish army, reparations for damage done to the Soviet Union, and the future of the Petsamo area were questions reserved for future negotiation in Moscow.

PAASIKIVI was told that if the Finnish Government were ready to accept these immediately, the delegates might proceed to Moscow forthwith. "The rumours spread by some organs of the foreign press," concluded the Russian statement, "to the effect that the Soviet Government had demanded Finland's unconditional surrender and her consent to the occupation by Soviet troops of Helsinki and other large Finnish towns, are without foundation."

But the Finns professed to find some of the terms harsh and impossible of fulfilment. They were reported to have objected to the restoration of the frontier imposed following their defeat in the 1939-40 war. They resented the compulsory lease of the naval base at Hango to the Russians, and (so it was said) they jibbed at requests that the Russians should be permitted to transport their troops through Finnish territory to Hango and over the Salla-Kemi railway to the Gulf of Bothnia.

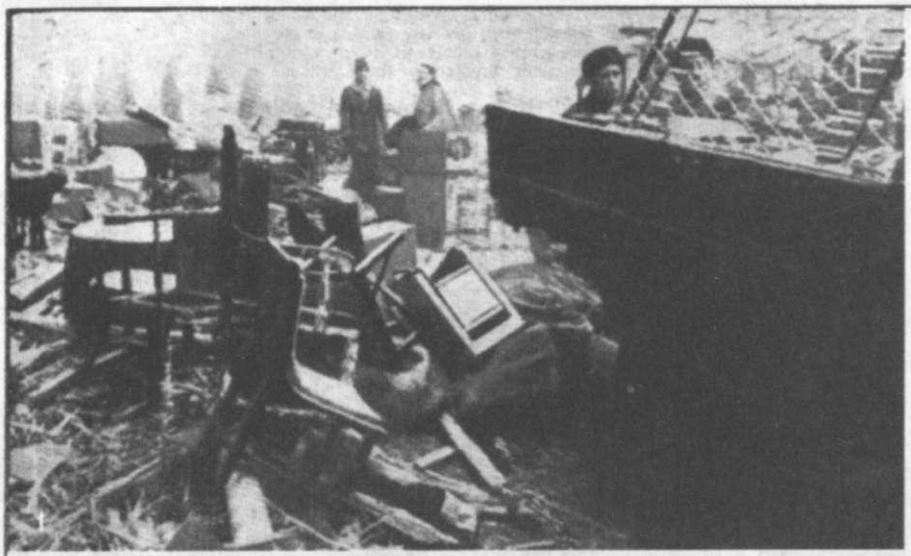
But the main obstacle was (it may well be believed) the Nazi divisions in the north, on the Murmansk front. At this time Dietl's army held a line of some 250 miles from Salla to Petsamo on the Arctic, the northern groups being based on Parkkina and the southern relying for their supplies on the Bothnian ports of Oulu and Tornio. From Tornio to Petsamo a fine new 800-mile-long highway had been constructed, and along this vital artery had been brought large masses of equipment which the Germans were naturally loth to abandon. In March the Bothnian ports were still frozen, and movement along the Arctic shore would be a hazardous undertaking, exposed as it would be to British attacks from sea and air, not to mention the bombers of the Red Air Force.

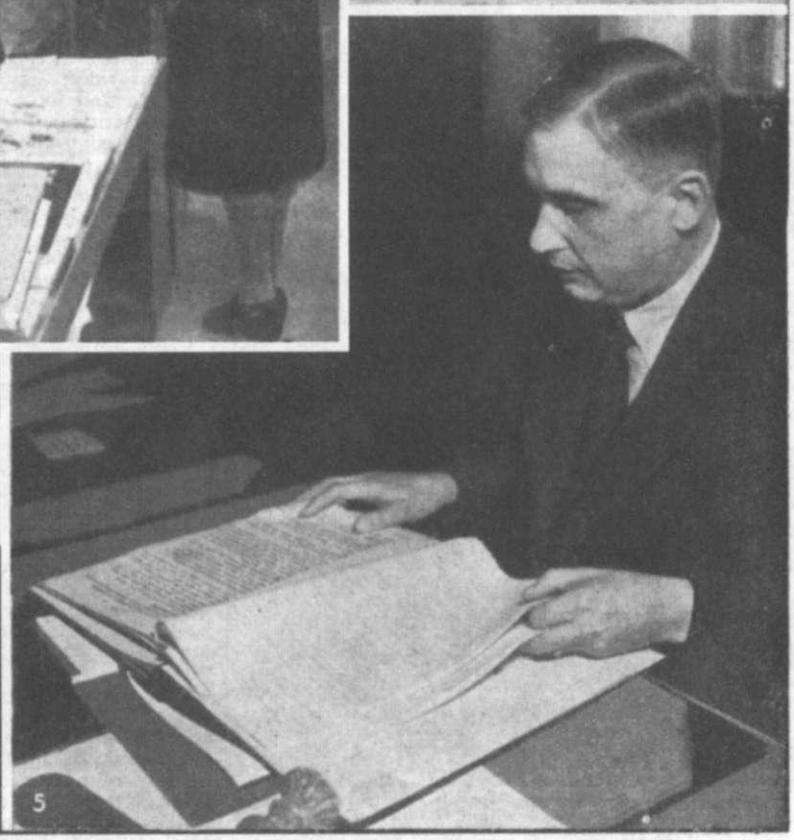
THE problem as Dietl saw it was no easy one, then. He had perhaps 100,000 men under arms—though their fighting quality was problematical after so many months, years even, in the depressing regions of the Arctic twilight. In addition there were 100,000 workers of the Todt labour organizations in northern Finland and Norway.

None of the alternatives could have seemed very attractive. He could retreat into Norway, or down the length of Finland to the Baltic, where his legions might be ferried over to Germany. He might retire on the Bothnian ports—but not until the thaws of spring cleared the channel of ice. He might submit to internment by the Finns, or the Finns and Russians combined. But that, screamed the Nazi press, was unthinkable.

In this he was aided and abetted by the Finns. They played for time. To and from Stockholm their emissaries passed, while the real facts of the military situation were blanketed by the Finn censorship. And all the time the Germans strove desperately to induce their ally to remain in the war.

Uneasy Finland Ponders while Time Runs Short





CESSATION OF HOSTILITIES and Finland's withdrawal from the war are dependent on acceptance of Russia's terms, awaited by Juho Paasikivi (4), as peace negotiator in Stockholm in February 1944 ; these were handed to him by Soviet Ambassador Mme. Alexandra Kollontay (3). E. Linkomies, Finnish Premier (5). Pro-British feeling is suggested by this soldier (2) selecting a book from a big display of English works. After Red Air Force bombers had raided Helsinki (1), on Feb. 6, the streets looked like this.

Photos, New York Times Photos, Associated Press, Black Star

What Exactly is Happening in Rumania Now?

Since July 1, 1940, when she renounced the Anglo-French pledge of assistance in the event of aggression, Rumania has adhered to the enemy cause. How bitterly she is repenting of that link-up is shown by HENRY BAERLEIN, who also comments upon reports of alarm issuing from the country as the Nazi grip tightens and sheer disaster threatens in the East.

WHEN the German flood swept over Rumania we had to wait a considerable time before we had any real knowledge of what was happening there. Even now the Allied bombing of the Ploesti oil refineries constitutes the sum total of what most of us know, for the German censorship has been rigorous, and to slip a message through has required a good deal of ingenuity. But now a number of interesting reports have been conveyed to this country. Some of them are sensational, but not on that account less worthy of belief; those of which I make use here have come from the most reputable sources.

For many months bewilderment and apathy prevailed in Bucharest. A war was being waged, with numerous deaths; thousands were being sent back, seriously wounded, from the front. But these were nearly always peasants, provincial schoolmasters and so forth. Very, very seldom did the elegant society of the capital have to deplore the loss of one of its members. Those who went came back, as a rule, in a week or two covered with decorations; and when the War Office decided that there would be no exemptions for men over twenty years of age there resulted quite a panic, with nearly all the well-to-do families trying to have their sons appointed as instructors in depots, or, at any rate, have them entered as cadets in a military academy.

THERE was hardly any panic in Bucharest on the day when American airmen bombarded Ploesti, some thirty miles away, for this coincided with the return of white bread to the capital, and that was a source of undiluted joy. But when the Russian armies continued to advance and it became evident that the Germans were not retiring, as they had proclaimed, of their own free will, there arose the keenest anxiety to quit. Some four thousand requests for visas were made at the Swiss Legation, where a deaf ear was turned to most of them. A like number applied to the more accommodating Turks. Indignation was expressed at the departure for Istanbul of certain princesses and professors, while these were envied.

How, demanded the distracted people of Bucharest, would it be possible to free themselves from the German clutch? It was notorious that more than one Rumanian general had been liquidated by this stern ally for having protested against the futile march into lands which never would belong to Rumania. The Germans who had originally come to Bucharest as "military instructors" were now planted on both flanks of Rumanian regiments in the east. Could not the Opposition leaders, Maniu, the revered old Transylvanian, or the Liberal Bratiano, do anything in this lamentable situation?

MICHAEL ANTONESCU, Rumanian Deputy Prime Minister since Jan. 27, 1941, and Minister for Foreign Affairs and Propaganda. The photograph was taken at a reception in the Kaiserhof Hotel, Berlin. *Photo, Associated Press*

Michael Antonescu, the Marshal's nephew and perhaps the most influential person under present conditions, was endeavouring to detach Rumania from the losing side. When compelled by the Germans to recall Lahovary, the Minister at Berne, whom he had instructed to act in this sense, he was able to replace him very adequately; for Vespasian Pella, professor of law, remained a disciple of Titulescu, whose wise policy had included an understanding with Russia. Moreover, the new envoys to Copenhagen and Ankara were men who leaned more towards the Western Powers than to Germany.

THE Russians also were equally wise, for Rumanian soldiers who came back on leave or as cripples related what they had seen in the industrial regions they had invaded; and what they had not seen with their own eyes had been explained to them—comfortable apartments, gratuitous heating and cinema performances, excellent clothing and nourishment provided, kindergartens, and so on. All this and more compared most favourably with conditions in Rumania. The Russians were, indeed, less to be dreaded than the Germans.

But the Germans cannot yet be spurned with impunity, as was discovered by Tudor Arghezi, the best of contemporary Rumanian poets and a talented journalist. In the newspaper Informatia on October 1, 1943, he published an article entitled "Baron" which was obviously aimed at Baron von Killinger, the German Minister. As an exercise in humorous invective it would have gratified Rabelais; so that Killinger, white with rage, rushed to see Michael Antonescu, and Arghezi had perforce to leave for a concentration camp.

But Antonescu refused to celebrate the Tripartite Pact in the fashion laid down by Ribbentrop. Not a word did he utter of the peril of Bolshevism or of the "imminent victory of the Axis." Rumania, he said, had turned to the one country which, in the actual circumstances, could stand in the way of a Russian expansion. He added, also, that Gafencu, the Rumanian Minister in Moscow, had been instructed to explain to the Kremlin that adhesion to the Germans did not imply hostility to the Soviet, with whom they were always ready to normalize their relations.

Here let me insert that, according to the latest information, it has been decided by the Rumanian authorities to defend the Dniester which separates Bessarabia from Russia. This is mainly due to lack of a political solution after the Moscow and Teheran conferences; it is to be deplored, because it means strengthening the Germans and exposing the nation to ruin. How much better it would be if negotiations with the Kremlin could be opened up, knowing as one does that Russia will certainly not keep her hands off Bessarabia. From that province with its variegated population, and from Bukovina, where are many Ukrainians, there has suddenly grown an intense desire on the part of the Rumanian civilians to fly to Bucharest; but they are being told that their journey is not really necessary.

A certain Allied personage, for the time being a refugee in Rumania, has been suggesting that the young King, now staying at a hunting-box near Arad in the far west of the country, should seek refuge with the Allies, and with their help and a Rumanian Legion assembled abroad endeavour to liberate his country from the Germans to whom he has always been opposed. But such a step would be premature and would cause the Nazis to take more drastic measures. Himmler is said to have visited Rumania.

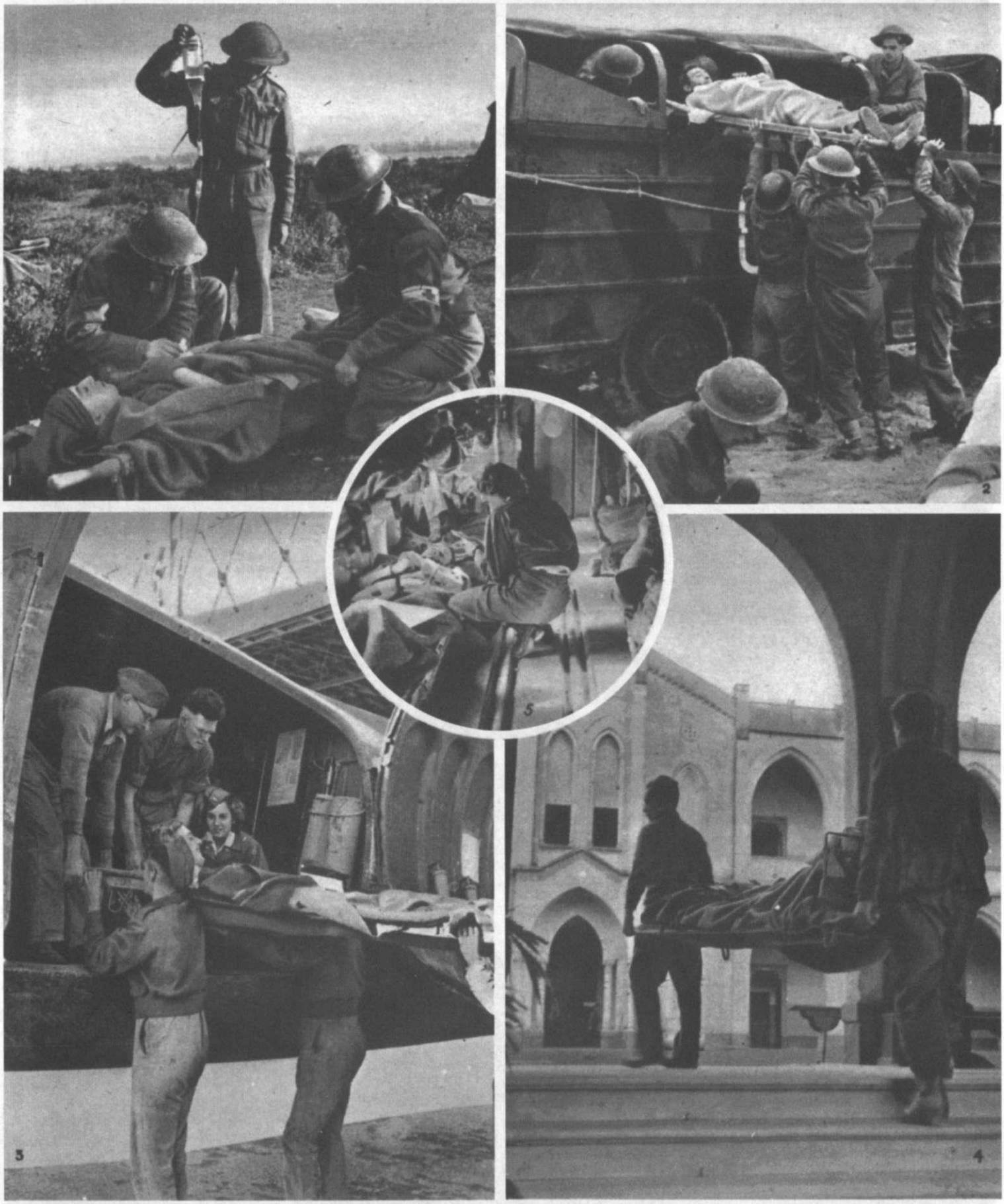
ONE can understand the bitterness of Rumanians who realize that their losses in Russia have been much greater than those of Hitler's other satellite, Hungary, for there is a reckoning in prospect with that country on the subject of Transylvania. By the Vienna Award the entire north and east of this fair province were allotted to Hungary, mainly owing to the insistence of her patron Italy. By the way, it is known that after Mussolini's rescue by the Germans he telephoned to Bova Skopa, Italian Minister at Bucharest, saying that he counted on him.

Skopa replied that his oath had been to the King, and so Mussolini appointed in his place the very Germanophil Trandafilo, for many years Stefani's agent and cordially detested by the Rumanians for his arrogant behaviour. The Marshal has been obliged, by German orders, to recognize him; but Bova Skopa and his staff come and go as they like.

The Italian troops who happened to be in Rumania have been disarmed and left at liberty; some in Moldavia have sought refuge with the Jews. If the Rumanian people could seek refuge in the Allied camp they would do so today.

Significant of this desire was the announcement on March 14, 1944, that Prince Barbu Stirbey, 70-year-old statesman in close touch with Rumania's political leaders, was on his way to Cairo to contact British, American and Russian representatives. That Antonescu knew of this intention and permitted him to go, suggests that it had at least nominal Government approval.

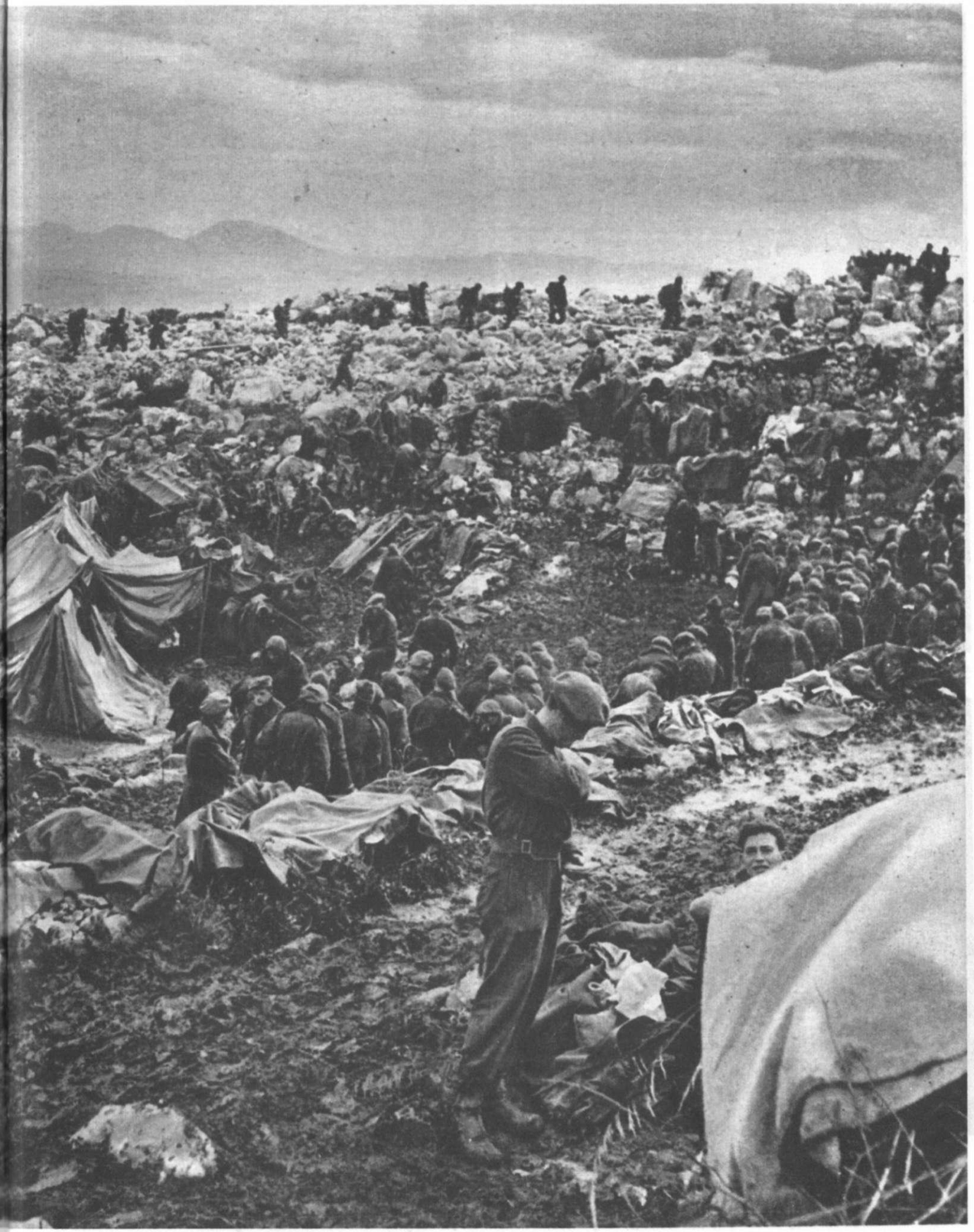
80 MILES TO GO—and then Rumania. By March 17, 1944, the Red Army was reported within 12 miles of Nikolayev, Black Sea port 160 miles from the Rumanian border, while other forces advancing from the north-east had cut the Warsaw-Odessa railway only 80 miles distant. Map shows Bessarabia and Moldavia, final bulwarks against the Red Army march. *Specially drawn for* THE WAR ILLUSTRATED



Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

Life-Savers in Action in Italy

Front-line R.A.M.C. personnel are saving hundreds of lives by giving our wounded blood transfusions (1), fortifying the patient against the shock of the journey to the Casualty Clearing Station, to which he may be transported by Duck (2) if a river crossing is involved. From the C.C.S. he travels to an airfield, and is placed aboard an ambulance plane (3) for passage to hospital (4), whence, if necessary, he is flown to N. Africa, particulars of his case being recorded on the way (5).



5th Army Scenes of Triumph

In Nettuno town, taken in the Allied beach-landing south of Rome on January 22, 1944, a British infantryman on patrol pauses to wonder at the peace which has descended on this old castle (top left). In a fierce night battle commencing on February 7 a handful of Grenadier Guardsmen—clerks, batmen, cooks and supply column drivers—held our positions on the Buono Riposo (Sweet Repose) ridge in the Anzio beach-head against an all-out attack. After 18 hours of fierce fighting the enemy's objective of isolating this sector was frustrated; Guardsmen are seen (right) preparing to leave their rocky bivouac and move forward. On the 5th Army's main front, a gun manned by French artillerymen (above) fires at German concentrations beyond the hills at Acquafondata.

Photos, British and U.S. Official

The Human Story Behind the Lines

Photos, British and New Zealand Official

Regimental bootmender Lance-Sgt. Harding, with a captured German police dog on his knees (1), obviously has no complaints in respect of his job in an Anzio beach-head sector; whilst front-line barber Pte. Sneath ministers to the requirements of a field communications unit (2). Strange location this (4) for a sewing-machine; tents are being repaired for New Zealanders on the 8th Army Front. Direction boards (3) bring a touch of home to the 5th Army's main front north of the Garigliano.

VIEWS & REVIEWS Of Vital War Books

by Hamilton Fyfe

Grey and Scarlet In Praise of War Nurses

LONG ago—it was during the South African War—the first impression I got of the Army Nurses was that they had an ugly uniform which made them look unattractive, hard-faced and unsympathetic. That silly notion soon went. I found out how wrong I had been in my hasty judgement. I still think the uniform was ugly; it is much better now. But I know that underneath it were the kindest of hearts, the stoutest of courage, the most self-sacrificing devotion to duty. I saw these qualities again during the First Great War. Now I have been reading a book which shows me they are equally conspicuous in this.

The book is called Grey and Scarlet (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.); it contains letters written from and diaries kept in various parts of the world where Army nurses in their grey and scarlet have served. Miss Ada Harrison has edited them and made a very wise choice among the mass of material she must have had to go through. No more vivid or informative picture of the life of these "ministering angels" could be drawn, and, though they draw it themselves, there is not a word in the whole book which suggests they are doing anything out of the common, anything for which they deserve to be called heroines. Yet to my mind these are heroic stories, if the word has any meaning at all.

Take the account which is given of the trips made by one of the diarists between Dover and Dunkirk, taking off men wounded during the evacuation. You might call it monotonous, this record of "Sailed for Dunkirk . . . Sailed for Dover . . . Sailed again for Dunkirk," and so on for a whole week, going or returning the whole time. Not a word about the weariness of it, scarcely a word about the incessant dangers. They were so fully occupied with looking after their patients that "literally one did not realize the aerial battle that was going on all the time." The same note is sounded in a diary of a nurse on an ambulance train in France during the 1940 disasters. While they were loading stretcher cases, "patients straight from the casualty clearing stations," there was "a tremendous bombardment overhead, but we were too busy to take a great deal of notice."

JUST like that! "Oh, do go away! Can't you see we've got a job of work to do? No time for you!" What a contrast between the way the nurses made the best of everything and uttered no complaint, and the peevish, utterly selfish and stupid grumbling of the passengers on one of the ships that brought to Britain refugees from the south of France, where they had been living as tax-dodgers very likely. "They made me sick!" one of the contributors to the book admits frankly. "Though they were being taken home safely at no expense to themselves, they did nothing but grumble, each trying to seize the best place for him or herself." The staff "seemed to be run off their legs trying to deal with their woes and complaints. They seemed to think the nurses were 'universal aunts' with free stocks of everything on board for their benefit. As we had only our own very limited supplies of clothes, soap, etc., it was impossible to provide everyone with washing materials, towels, night-clothes, face creams, underwear, as well as medical equipment!"

Not less troublesome, though far more to be pitied, were the streams of refugees on the roads in France during those calamitous weeks of 1940, when the French army collapsed and the Germans advanced rapidly, meeting with no opposition. At Albert an ambulance train was waiting to get to the coast when

"the station began to fill up with refugees—tragic and pathetic figures—nearly all old people, or mothers with families and babies in arms, all laden with suit-cases and bundles . . . Trains came in crowded to suffocation point and frightened and hysterical people pushed and fought to get in while the people in the train were equally determined to keep them out. We three sisters and the orderlies helped the old people and held babies while mothers pushed their way in wherever possible. Our acting C.O. was very apprehensive in case we should be left with babies on our hands!"

There are illuminating sidelights on the French mind in two of the nurses' stories. One says: "I still think the working people of France believe that their country had to lay down arms because the English ran away"; and the other tells how in the Military Hospital at Jerusalem, "while a whole ward of Indians was especially remarkable for the quiet and patient manner in which they bore suffering, in direct contrast was the behaviour of our French patients, of whom some were De Gaullists, whilst others were prisoners, allied to the Vichy Government, sent to us during the Syrian campaign. Their excited talk and fierce arguments made it necessary to transfer the Vichy men to another hospital."

None of the nurses had more perilous and harassing duties than these which fell to them in Singapore. "In spite of large red crosses on all the buildings and barrack-square the Japs dive-bombed and machine-gunned us frequently. It was terrible to see the shell-shocked patients and hear their screams as the bullets fell around us." No screams from nurses, however, though "all sisters donned tin hats and, if bombs were dropping too near, dived under the beds."

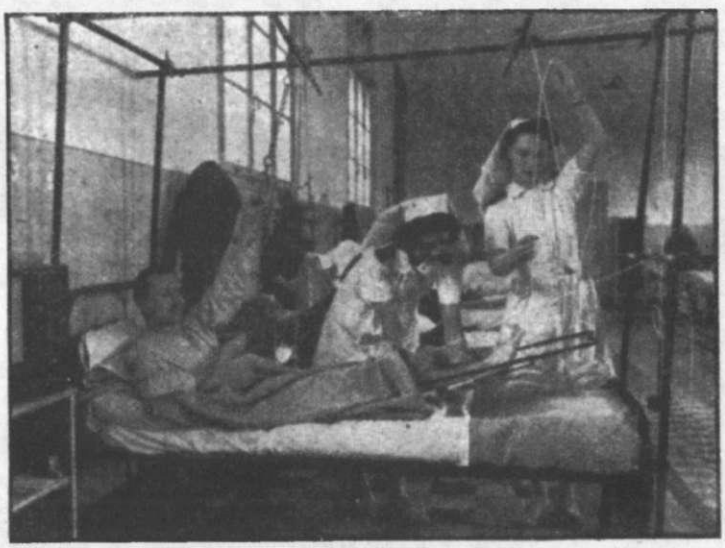
"I can see the matron now, after one of the worst raids, jumping up from under a bed and rushing out into the open, with bombs still dropping, the air so thick with smoke and the smell of cordite, that it was impossible to see more than a few inches ahead, to find out if the night sisters had been hurt, as their house was some distance away. We could see the flames and the planes diving down and machine-gunning, but that made no difference to her. On she rushed and later returned to say they were all right, in spite of their house being half on top of them, and were on the way up to join us and have some tea, which we all badly needed."

It sounds a delightfully feminine touch, that last about the tea. But it isn't really. Nowadays men are just as anxious as women for tea after they have been through hell.

Unhappily there was no tea in the lifeboat which for twelve days and nights was afloat in the Atlantic after a ship had been sunk by a submarine's torpedoes. There were 52 men in her, and one woman—the nurse who tells the story. Two meals a day they had, if they could be called meals—one at 7 a.m., the other at 6 p.m. They consisted of a spoonful of a meat extract, two ounces of water, two biscuits, three chocolate squares and three malted milk tablets. Yet "we felt grand after breakfast," says the narrative. But as the days went by, and the men grew weaker, they talked about food incessantly. The men's thoughts dwelt on beer, though one little chap said always, "Never mind, Sister, we'll have a cup of tea." And at last they got it, after they had been sighted by a plane and picked up by a corvette. Their legs were "terribly wobbly" by then, and the writer confesses that in the lifeboat "we were so weak and so snappy by the time we were rescued that I had a few little weeps to myself under the blanket at night."

THE Army of today is a very different Army from that I used to know. They were a bit helpless. They expected everything to be done for them, and it was done. They did not have to improvise and invent, as our troops did, for example, when they went into Tobruk after it had been smashed up. Now they are self-reliant. The Australians used to say last time that, if you gave a lot of hungry Tommies a sheep they wouldn't know what to do with it. Now they would know all right. It's the same with the Army nurses. Now they have learnt to scratch up what is required when it hasn't been provided.

The clever way they rigged up operating theatres in the most difficult conditions wins my admiration. In Iceland the authorities were not very helpful (the Goebbels propaganda had a good deal of influence all through the country), but "with a little improvisation" they made "a workable little place." In Malta they started with one small theatre and soon had a larger one in addition. They even managed to instal one on board a not very large ship. Nothing daunts them; they never seem to be discouraged by hardships or obstacles. These modest cheery records of brave competent women make me feel proud to be their fellow-countryman.



IN A NORTH AFRICAN HOSPITAL for wounded Service men, Nursing Sisters of the R.A.F. are seen adjusting a leg-cradle to aid the recovery of an injured limb. Noble work of the war nurses is dealt with in the book reviewed in this page. See also p. 687.

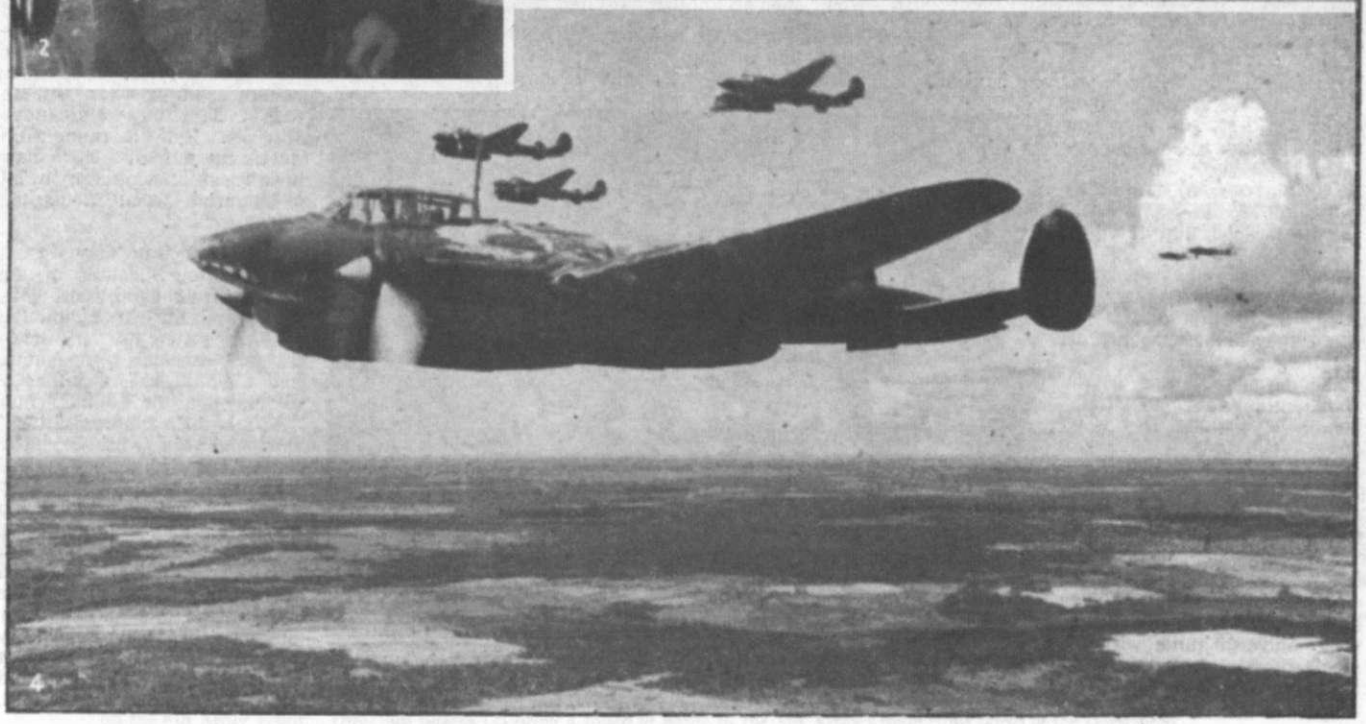
Photo, British Official

Stalin's Great Airmen Pick their Nazi Targets

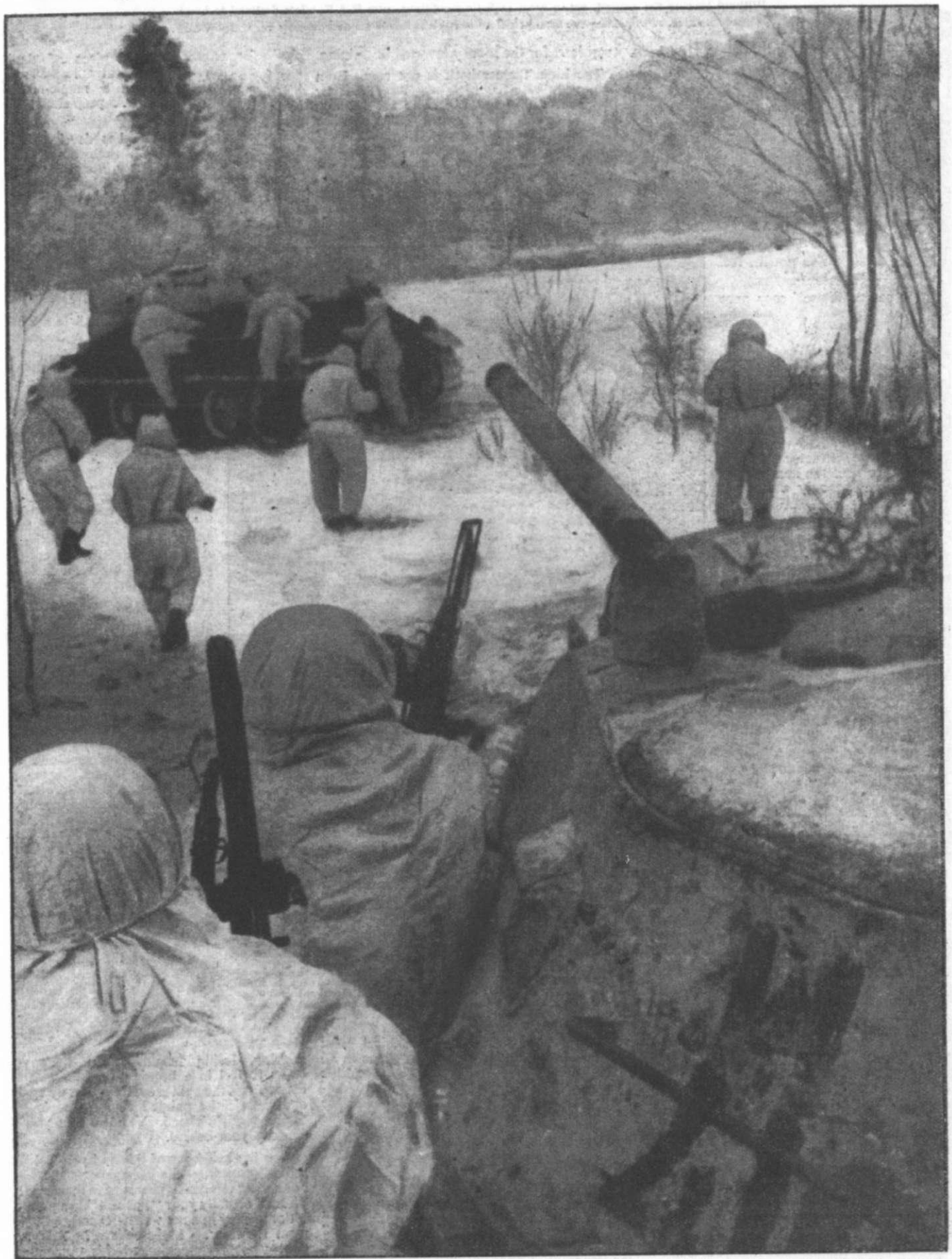
ON EVERY SOVIET FRONT the Red Air Force, with generous backing by British and American machines, continues to drive the Nazi invader from Russian soil. From the commencement of the treacherous German attack, on June 22, 1941, when Marshal Stalin's sky-fighters were none too numerous, to these present triumphant days of aerial conquest, to the best of her astonishing ability Russia has smitten the foe in the air. Well and truly are the tables now turned : for today Russia's aircraft production about equals Britain's—which far exceeds that of Germany.

Russian Petlyakov-2 reconnaissance and dive bombers, skilfully hidden from enemy observation within a wood (1), stand ready for action, whilst the airmen gather around maps (2) to complete the plan of attack ; now the planes prepare to take off (3) and soar into the clouds (4) en route to the appointed targets.

Photos, Pictorial Press



Troops of the Red Army Rush to their Tanks



AGAINST REELING GERMANS the great Soviet winter offensive continues. To snow-camouflaged battle-machines that crack Nazi defences wide open Red Army tankmen are here seen clustering, to continue the push that daily takes the valiant Russians nearer to Berlin. In the development of military technique Soviet factories are excelling; from the great Kharkov tank plant, transferred to the rear when the Nazi threat became tense, ever more powerful models are rolling out. See p. 310.

Photo, U.S.S.R. Official

How We Speed the Training of a £5,000 Pilot

Without leaving the ground, yet in most realistic conditions, new R.A.F. pilots destined to bomb German targets are now having their flying training time speeded up by weeks, and at the same time thousands of pounds and the lives of many trainees are being saved. This ingenious cyclorama method of putting the final polish on our future airmen is described by W. J. BENTLEY.

"YOU'RE coming in too close . . . keep her nose up, you'll hit the edge of the airfield . . . For Pete's sake, keep your motors running or you'll prang, and you've still got your full bomb load!" The instructor's metallic voice through the microphone rose to a strident pitch as the pilot fumbled at the controls. "No time now to do another circuit. This means hitting the deck!"

A sudden silence—and then the budding bomber pilot took off his headset and his leather helmet, and said: "I'm very sorry, sir. Let me start again; I think I've got the feel of the controls now."

He makes himself cosy once more in the seat of the cyclorama peep-show—a Link Trainer (dummy aeroplane) on the ground, standing in the middle of a brilliantly-lit circular screen on which is painted a most realistic scene of the ground from 2,000 feet up. On the other side of the room, indignantly barking into the microphone, is the instructor who had tried to prevent the bomber boy from pranging only a moment or two ago.

The instructor's microphone is linked to head-telephones in the pilot's helmet, and as the controls of the youngster's dummy plane are connected by electric cables with a recording machine, every movement, every last-minute manoeuvre, is traced on a rolling strip of paper like a player-piano roll by a stylus.

THEY have only to look at the graph thus drawn to see that, had a real machine been handled in the way this young pilot had just worked stick and rudder-bar, an aircraft would have crashed by coming in too low at the edge of the airfield, and the pilot would have had no chance to bale out.

A man's life, as well as some thousands of pounds, is saved almost every hour in the cyclorama peep-show—the new way of training budding bomber heroes. Yet every time you see an R.A.F. bomber in the sky you can reckon that at least £5,000 has been spent on the pilot's training. This amount invested by you (through the R.A.F.) in every young pilot represents his Service pay (actually one of the smallest items on the bill), the pay and expenses of his instructors, the fuel used in training planes and their use and upkeep during the time the pilot is in training.

SINCE this war began we have been speeding up his training time, and now they do formation landing and advanced aerial battle tactics weeks before they did in peacetime training. The Nazis have speeded up their training, too, and their average total figure spent on training per head in the Luftwaffe was some £2,800. So when you read of "five more Messerschmitts down" you can, if they are, say, Me.110s (which have a crew of three—pilot, radio-op. and rear-gunner), add another £8,000-£9,000 per plane to the total loss, for the money invested in training.

The Link Trainer itself is not new. Even before the war the Link was used both by the R.A.F. and the Luftwaffe for training in blind flying. With a hood drawn over the cockpit of the dummy plane, the pilot "flew" a prescribed course through various weather conditions. And all the time he moved the controls a pneumatic pump rocked his cockpit just as a real plane would rock and roll, and the stylus traced out on a map the actual course he would have followed in a real flight.

A HARBOUR FROM 2,000 FEET UP is the impression given to the trainee pilot by this realistically painted scene, photograph of which was taken from the cockpit of the Link Trainer, looking towards the tail (foreground). The Link Trainer is actuated mainly by electrically operated bellows beneath the floor on which it stands. **See also facing page.** *Photo, Pictorial Press*

This was all right from a technical point of view, but sitting in a dummy plane in an empty room, or in a cold hangar, gave little realism. Although as you kicked the rudder-bar you "turned," and as you pulled the stick you "climbed," it was quite impossible to imagine yourself in a real bomber at 20,000 feet, with engines roaring and the grey clouds swirling through the prop arcs.

And then at one airfield the instructors had a good idea. They carried the Link trainer into the officers' mess, painted the distempered walls with scenery representing landscape as it appears at some 5,000 feet (an artist who in peacetime draws back-cloths for pantos did this piece of daubing!) and fitted a theatrical "rain-effect" disc to the light, giving a magic-lantern effect of bad weather. A peep-show, but it worked.

From this the R.A.F. has developed the "cyclorama," in which each one of the £5,000-brigade does many hours "flying" before going up to copy those tactics in a real bomber. Real flying is sandwiched with hours of training in the peep-show, so that often a pilot, engrossed in some air-battle stunts, almost forgets whether he is flying a real aircraft 20,000-feet up or if he is in the cyclorama only six feet from the ground!

Each peep-show is in a fabric tower on wooden supports, looking like nothing but the "Wall of Death" towers in which stunt mofor-cyclists ride. Inside, the whole fabric is painted with a landscape scene, as seen from, say, 2,000 feet. Each cyclorama drum has a different scene, and in the complete training unit there are at least three drums, covering up to high bomber altitudes. In the middle of each is a stubby little wooden cockpit with foreshortened wings and tail-plane. As you sit down in the cockpit you face a big semi-circle of barely-transparent celluloid—giving the optical illusion of looking straight ahead through a whirling prop.

READY for action? The motor is switched on, and at the slightest finger-touch of the stick or throttle or rudder controls the cockpit will buck and turn—and every movement will be recorded on the paper graph strip now running under the stylus. The lights are turned almost out, and the projector-lantern high above, in the centre of the cyclorama, gives a wonderfully realistic effect of rain, mist or heavy cloud. Cross lights begin to flash on the celluloid, just as they flash on a whirling propeller.

"You're still not flying level," barks the metallic voice through the headset. "Bank over towards the church steeple. That's your course. Now follow the river." The lights go dim, as you run into a bank of heavy cloud, and now there's only the compass-dial to guide you. The stick's too far over; you're side-slipping, losing height—and just as you begin to feel in a hopeless muddle with all the controls the light mercifully goes up again, and there's the painted church steeple still almost straight ahead. Yes, this time you've stuck to your course.

Another half-hour of this and you feel like radio-ing back to the instructor: "Got any hot coffee? It's cold up here at five thousand!" Though actually your "horizon" is a painted bit of scenery in a peep-show exactly 6 ft. 8in. from the floor. Make-believe? Ask any pilot who has experienced this tremendous aid to the acquisition of skill and he will bid you try it for yourself and see!

He Learns to Fly High 6 Feet from the Ground

IN THE COCKPIT of a Visual Link Trainer sits a pupil (1) in telephonic contact with an instructor (left), while three other learners watch, near the cyclorama circular screen. Whatever movement the pilot makes he has an aerial landscape before—or rather, through optical illusion, beneath—his dummy plane (2). The instructor explains the Link's controls (3), gives the pupil flying directions by microphone (5), and checks his reactions by meters corresponding with those in the Link (4). See also facing page.

Photos, Pictorial Press

They Gained these Awards for Heroism at Sea

Lt.-Cmdr. ARMITAGE, G.C., G.M.
He gained the George Medal "for gallantry and undaunted devotion to duty in the face of the enemy." This bust of Lt.-Cmdr. Armitage is by John Skeaping.

Ldg. Seaman F. BANNER, D.S.M.
"For leadership, skill and devotion to duty" aboard H.M. destroyer Tartar, during an action off North Africa in May 1943.

P/O G. E. SHEPHERD, D.S.M.
While taking part in convoying merchantmen to N. Russian ports through violent attack, Petty-Officer Shepherd, a gunner, showed great endurance.

Chief Stoker J. R. CARTER, D.S.M.
He received the D.S.M. from H.M. the King at a recent investiture, for gallantry at Narvik, Apr. 13, 1940.

Ldg. Seaman L. SORRELL, D.S.M.
Gun-layer on a tanker in the Mediterranean when enemy aircraft attacked, he helped to bring one down and damaged another.

Lt. M. KRISHNAN, D.S.C.
Serving in the Royal Indian Navy, he won his award in operations in the Persian Gulf, when he boarded an enemy tug with a small party and by threatening the German and Italian crew with an imaginary bomb captured 50 of them.

Able Seaman H. J. YEATS, D.S.M.
Wounded by a bomb during the North African landings in Nov. 1942, Able Seaman Yeats insisted on carrying out his duties. He was awarded the D.S.M.

Srgn.-Lt. P. EVANS, G.M., R.N.V.R.
Although injured in both legs he had himself carried around on a chair for 12 hours to attend to the wounded survivors from a Canadian corvette.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; Associated Press, Planet News

I WAS THERE! Eye Witness Stories of the War

We 'Recce' Men Raided the Nazis at Anzio

For a week during the Germans' first heavy attack against the west-Italy beach-head a British "thin red line" was strung out along two miles of the perimeter defences. As related here by their Colonel, a Malay-born Irishman, those 172 men of the Reconnaissance Corps, by aggressive night patrolling caused great chaos and confusion in the enemy camp, whilst holding off at least two German battalions.

WE knocked a hole in the kitchen wall of a farmhouse to make a gun slit, and into that kitchen we drove an armoured car. We had our mortars too, and twelve anti-tank guns with a field battery of 25-pounders we could call on if we were in trouble. They were to stand us in good stead. Our first worry was a wood 150 yards ahead.

We sent a patrol out on the first night we were in our unaccustomed role as troops of the line. They found a tank harbour, but no sign that there were any enemy in the wood. What puzzled us was the amount of fire movement by day from the wood. Mortar fire was particularly troublesome and we couldn't make it out how the wood became alive with Germans during the day. At night we covered the approaches, and nothing could get into it in daylight without being observed. So Sergeant William Parker —his home is at 10, Crowhurst Road, Colchester, Essex—took a daylight patrol into the wood, killed three and brought three back as prisoners. These turned out to be the enemy's mortar observation post crew, and we had no more bother from mortars.

There was sniping, however, from the forward edge of the wood. They wounded a dispatch rider who was crawling up one hundred and fifty yards away. But there was no more accurate fire after that. We decided to do some aggressive night work, but before we could jump off we were attacked by an enemy force two companies strong. We called on the gunners and they stopped the attack in its tracks. Two hours later the enemy tried again and got within fifty yards of us. The position was serious, so we asked the gunners if they could do a map shoot. "Yes," they said, "if we didn't mind ten per cent casualties." The barrage came down, but was so accurate that we had no one so much as scratched.

The enemy withdrew, and the day was quiet after that. That night we decided to try to clear out four farmhouses which the enemy held in strength behind the wood. The leading assault troop cleared out the first house without much trouble, although the Germans tossed hand grenades at us from the upper windows. The next farmhouse was twenty yards away and a machine-gun, firing on a fixed line about two feet off the ground, pinned down the assault party.

The fire from this machine-gun annoyed Lieutenant John Alexander McNeil, of Linn Drive, Muirend, Glasgow, so he collected a Bren gun and walked calmly forward firing it at everything and then running the last 50 yards. He spotted the slot the machine-gun was firing through and rolled three hand grenades into it. A trooper with a two-inch mortar gave them bombs as well. That stopped the machine-gun. Just as they were getting in the front door they spotted reinforcements coming down a side road. With four Bren guns they waited until the Germans were within 20 yards. Then they let them have it—and none arrived. Next, fire came at Lieut. McNeil's troop from the wood between their position and our lines. It wasn't until we sent a patrol in that we found out how the enemy got there. In a big hole in the ground covered with corrugated iron and undergrowth 100 Germans lived by day, watching our patrols trying to solve the mystery of the empty wood that filled with Germans at night.

HERO OF THE SOVIET UNION, fighter-pilot Lieut. V. D. Lavrinenkov, who has brought down 30 enemy planes, tells below the remarkable story of his escape from the German lines. *Photo, Pictorial Press*

I Rammed a German Plane—and Walked Home

Famous air-ace Vladimir Lavrinenkov, Hero of the Soviet Union, was shot down over the German lines some months ago, just after his 30th "kill"—a F.W., which he destroyed by ramming. He escaped, and with the aid of guerillas made his way back to Soviet-held territory. Here is his sensational story, reproduced by courtesy of the Soviet War News.

I RAMMED the F.W. while we were on patrol, covering an advance by our land troops. When my machine began to fall, I pushed back the hood, baled out, and hit the ground before the parachute was fully open. For a moment I lost consciousness, then felt a sudden sharp pain in the shoulder, and heard German speech.

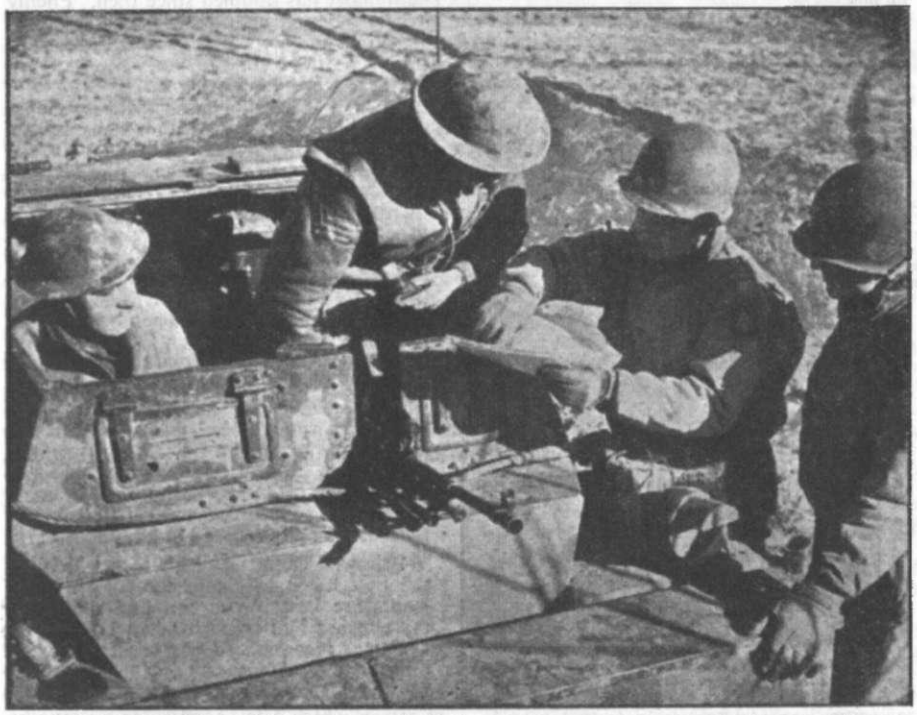
When I opened my eyes I saw I was the centre of a crowd of German soldiers. One was unstrapping my parachute, another was going through my pockets, and a third was standing over me with his rifle at the ready. Just then one of our fighters roared low over the ground, its machine-guns spitting. The Germans threw themselves flat, but were back a minute later.

I had no papers on me except a ration card, which recorded my status as a Hero of the Soviet Union and a senior lieutenant in a Guards regiment. The Germans put me into a side-car and took me to a village. They let me lie down on some ammunition cases, and a German officer came up. He asked in excellent Russian: "How did you happen to get shot down?" At first I thought I wouldn't speak, but at his next question I changed my mind. "Are you a Communist?" he asked me.

Not wanting him to get the idea I was afraid, I said yes, I was a Communist. Then he offered me a cigarette. I refused. I had my own tobacco. So I wiped the blood off my face and began to smoke. Then the Nazi said: "We're going to take you to Germany."

I told him not to bother. They could shoot me right where I was. But he said there wasn't any point in shooting a flyer like me in a hurry. Then I knew why they weren't beating me up. They considered me quite an important prize, I suppose, and wanted to keep me intact for a bit.

The officer disappeared into a hut. Some



A BRITISH 'RECCE' SERGEANT stands in his Bren carrier, examining a map in the possession of two] American anti-tank officers of the 5th Army. Exploits in the Anzio beach-head of the Reconnaissance Corps (which was placed under Royal Armoured Corps directorate on January 1, 1944 are narrated above. *Photo, British Official*

women and children were standing a few yards away behind a fence. One of the women whispered: "Will the Red Army come soon?" I told her in about five days. My chest had been hit, and I was coughing up blood. They put me back in the side-car. The motor-cycle bumped badly over the rough road, and that seemed to make the bleeding worse.

Late that night I was called out for questioning. The interpreter told me I was at the headquarters of a Luftwaffe Corps. So I told him how sorry I was I hadn't known their address before. Then the German asked: "Have you got many planes?"

"Oh, enough to be getting on with," I said.

"How many aircraft have you shot down?"

"Quite a few." I was just about done in. The inspector offered me some food, but I refused. The cross-examination was cut short. I was taken to another room and allowed to lie down on the floor. But I couldn't sleep, although I was dead tired. I couldn't stop thinking about Smolensk and my young brother.

In the morning they gave me some thin soup and a piece of bread. Then I was put in a lorry, and an officer told me he'd shoot me if I tried to jump out. The warning was really quite unnecessary. Two toughs sat on each side of me, with their fingers on the trigger. We drove into a town, and I was pushed into a small cell with iron gratings. The walls were covered with inscriptions. I remember one of them was: "A captain awaited his fate here." I broke off a piece of lime and wrote: "Vlad. Lavr."

I Planned to Kill the Pilot

I had a visit from a hefty German with a bruised face. He turned out to be the pilot of the F.W. I had rammed. He was quite talkative about the affair. It appeared that his navigator had been killed, the gunner wounded, and the machine was a total loss. I told him I was delighted to hear it, and refused further conversation.

The next day, as I was marched along a street, women ran up and thrust apples into my hands. A boy dropped a cigarette and several plums into my pocket. I spent the night in the commandant's headquarters, and the next morning, with two wounded Red Army men, I was put aboard a plane. I was scared we might be bound for Germany, and was planning how I could kill the pilot and the guards before we got to the frontier. But we landed quite soon. It looked like Dnieprodzerzhinsk.

I was brought again for questioning. Two officers from the Luftwaffe intelligence department were sitting behind a table. Before long, the talk turned to politics. "What are you fighting for?" they asked me. I told them it was for our land, for our country. "Well, who do you think will win?"

"We will," I said.

"Why do you think so?"

"In our country everybody thinks so."

"But the German army is invincible," they said at the finish. But I told them even they didn't believe that any more. That evening I and my two comrades were put aboard a train at a small station near Dnieprodzerzhinsk. We were accompanied by two officers with innumerable bags and sacks crammed with stolen goods. The carriage was crowded with officers of all ranks, representatives of German firms and Gestapo men hurrying to get away before they were caught by the Soviet offensive.

THIS scene of the German retreat gave me a great kick, of course. I began to have a look round. There were two doors opening on opposite sides of the carriage. I tried one with my foot. The two officers were sitting at a small table, drinking brandy.

We decided to make a dash for it. The next day would be too late—they were taking us to Germany. When the train stopped at one of the stations and the officers went out for a walk we decided on our plan. At about nine the train would be going up a gradient. Karyukin and I would jump through one door, and Korolev through the other.

Soon it was dark. Rocking slightly, the train was going at medium speed. We pretended to be asleep. I snored peacefully, but in fact I was trying to gauge the speed of the train. At last the train slowed down and began to labour up the gradient. I nudged my comrades, put out my leg and pressed the door. It gave way. I leapt, and Karyukin jumped after me.

We both rolled down the embankment and felt no pain at the fall, although it was later discovered that Karyukin had sprained his arm and I had bruised myself badly. We heard shots. Korolev was nowhere about. Evidently he had no time to open the door. Karyukin and I clasped hands so as not to lose each other in the darkness, and set off.

Just before sunrise we came on a rick, and went to sleep in the straw. When we awoke we saw an elderly peasant working in a field nearby. He was frightened at the sight of us, but we managed to calm him down, and got him to give us some old clothes and food. We walked for six days in the direction of Poltava. I figured it was the shortest way to the front line. We got to the Dnieper, and a boatman rowed us across.

By that time the corns on my feet were giving me such hell I could hardly move. I collapsed about 200 yards from the river bank. Karyukin dragged me behind some bushes. After a time I managed to get up, and with great difficulty we reached Komarkovka, where an old peasant called Ivan Shevchenko gave us shelter. We slept in a rick. Shevchenko's wife cut my corns, rubbed my feet with ointment and bandaged them with rags.

WE asked the old man whether there were guerillas in the neighbourhood. He was evasive at first, but then told us to walk towards Bakhmach to a point where the wagon ruts turned off into a wood to the right of the road. "Walk along the tracks," he said. We took his advice, and soon were stopped by a patrol. We were taken to the commander of a partisan detachment, who questioned us closely and then said: "O.K., lads. We'll take you along."

For several days both of us rested. Then the commander—he turned out to be Ivan Kuzmich Primak, of the Chapayev Detachment—gave us each a carbine and a pair of hand grenades. In the next few weeks we took part in many guerilla operations, blowing up bridges, sinking barges laden with grain, capturing herds of cattle that the Germans were driving westward, freeing captive Soviet people, wrecking cars and firing supply trains.

In one of the skirmishes Karyukin was killed. The partisans buried him under a tall oak tree in the forest. At last the Chapayev Detachment joined up with regular Red Army troops on the offensive, and soon I was back with my unit.

First British Link with Tito in Yugoslavia

The first members of the British Military Mission to the People's Army of Liberation in Yugoslavia parachuted into a field near the partisan headquarters in May 1943. Here is the story of Lieut.-Col. F. W. D. Deakin, D.S.O., who led the Mission, as told to Eric Gray, Daily Express correspondent by one of Marshal Tito's staff officers who accompanied the British.

TITO had been expecting the mission for several days before its members landed. They had been delayed by bad weather. Word had gone round among the farmers near our headquarters—"The Englishmen are coming!" A peasant ran out to meet them, crying "Our Allies have come at last!"

The six men—Captain Deakin, as he then was, another officer and four radio operators—were taken first to the farm, where women brought them milk and eggs. Then, at daybreak, they set off on foot for Tito's headquarters. These were a few miles away in the forest, on the shore of Lake Crno Jezero, the Black Lake, one of the most beautiful in Yugoslavia, 5,000 feet above sea level.

Lieut.-Col. F. W. D. DEAKIN, D.S.O., ex-don of Wadham College, Oxford, who as head of the British Military Mission to Marshal Tito's partisan army in Yugoslavia, in 1943, experienced an adventurous journey, the high-lights of which are related here. *Photo, News Chronicle*

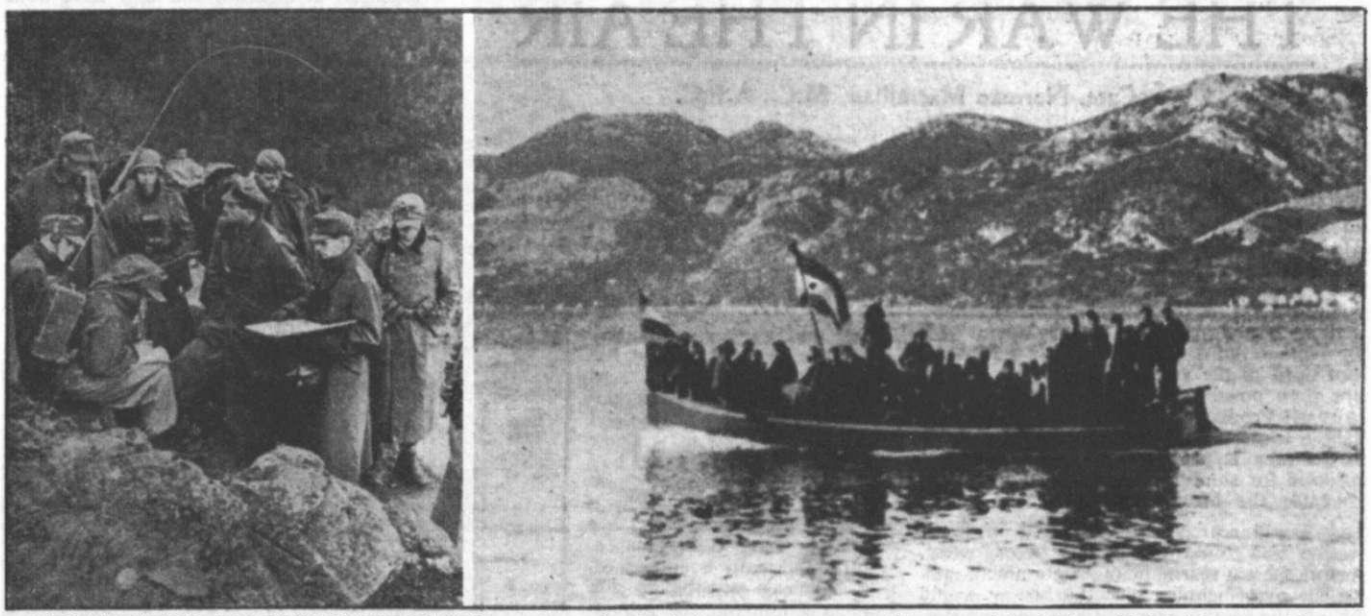
The mission arrived about 8 a.m. and spent most of that first day talking with Tito and his staff officers. The mission had arrived in the middle of the fifth great German offensive against the partisans, which was to last all through the summer of 1943. Seven Axis divisions were fighting us at that time. The number has doubled since then. Enemy forces were, in fact, only a few miles from our camp, and we had to move that night. It was pouring with rain as we set off on one of the worst journeys in partisan history.

We had to cross Mount Durmitor, which rises 7,500 feet behind the lake, and we walked all through the night. I admired the endurance of the Englishmen who had not slept for 24 hours, and who marched with the best of us. They refused to ride. I heard Deakin say to his assistant: "I don't think we ought to take the horses from these people. They have been fighting for two years and are underfed. They ought to ride before we do." That first night's march was typical of our life for the next three months. The Germans were attacking furiously all the time, and we never slept twice in the same spot.

We had a few hours' sleep in the daytime and moved by night. For food we had a little bread, a small bowl of gruel which the Englishmen said was like porridge, and a small ration of horse meat. But for two months we had no bread at all, and no gruel.

I showed Deakin and his men which were the best herbs to eat in the forest. Beach leaves are best if you can find them—they taste rather like spinach when boiled. The Germans reconnoitred our position from the air every day. It was easy for them because we were never far from one of the main groups of armies which Tito commanded personally.

We were attacked constantly on the ground and from the air. The Germans



MARSHAL TITO'S MEN TAKE TO THE WATER, carrying out a strategic move across one of the many inland lakes which dot the mountainous regions of Yugoslavia (right); the flag of the Yugoslav partisan army is flying. A detachment of the Nazi troops they battle against are seen here (left) using a field wireless set to keep in contact with other groups in the same area. See accompanying story of the first British Military Mission's arrival at the partisan headquarters. *Photos, U.S. Official, New York Times Photos*

dropped anti-personnel bombs. We had neither anti-aircraft guns nor fighters. They bombed low all the time.

On June 6, 11 days after the mission had arrived, Deakin's brother officer was killed. We had been attacked all day from the air. The Germans probably knew that the partisan headquarters were in that area, because they went through the forest like a fine comb, bombing and machine-gunning every patch. At the same time we were surrounded by enemy ground forces. We saw the flashes of their guns all around us at night, unpleasantly encircling our position.

We were near the height known as Mount Milinklada, on the Bosnia-Montenegro frontier. Our troops forced a passage about a mile wide through the German ring, and the whole army marched through it. Troops ahead were throwing hand grenades into the snipers' nests as we went along. Tito and Deakin marched in front. When the bombing became very bad we lay flat under the trees.

Tito and Deakin were both hit by bomb splinters—Tito in the left arm, Deakin on the left leg. One day when we were lowest for food Deakin opened his last tin of bully beef and shared it with us. We were delighted when he got his promotion to major. He had been married about a fortnight before coming out to us, and he was anxiously awaiting a letter from his wife. He got the first one when another group of British officers joined the mission.

They, too, landed by parachute in the night. The Germans were only a few miles away, and when we moved we left an empty British canister behind just to make them furiously angry.

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

MARCH 1, Wednesday *1,642nd day*

Italy.—Revealed that Germans were using remote-controlled explosives-filled miniature tanks.

Russian Front.—Announced that Germans' Narva defence line S. of the town broken, and Narva-Tallinn railway cut.

Sea.—Loss of H.M. destroyer Warwick announced by Board of Admiralty.

MARCH 2, Thursday *1,643rd day*

Air.—Albert (France) industrial plants attacked with 12,000 lb. bombs.

MARCH 3, Friday *1,644th day*

Italy.—Collapse of enemy's third major assault on Anzio beach-head announced.

Russian Front.—Markovo captured by Russian troops in Pskov region.

Burma.—British troops E. of Kalapanzin occupied Japanese positions N.E. of Buthidaung.

Pacific.—Japanese attacked U.S. positions on the air strip of Momote, Admiralty Islands. Ponape and Kusaie (Caroline Islands) bombed.

Air.—U.S. daylight offensive reached Berlin. Lightnings made wide sweep over the German capital.

MARCH 4, Saturday *1,645th day*

Italy.—Announced three fresh attacks by German infantry defeated at Anzio.

Russian Front.—Troops of the First Ukrainian front under command of Marshal Zhukov launched an offensive on a front 110 miles wide and 15-30 miles deep. Izyaslavl, Shumsk, Yanpol, and Ostropol taken in the drive.

Burma.—Walawbum and Maingkwan fell to Chinese-American drive in N. Burma.

Air.—Berlin raided for first time by American heavy bombers in daytime.

MARCH 5, Sunday *1,646th day*

Italy.—Announced enemy attack at Cisterna repelled by U.S. troops.

Air.—Cognac and Bérgerac, French air bases, bombed by Liberators.

MARCH 6, Monday *1,647th day*

Russian Front.—Odessa-Lvov railway, German southern supply route, cut by Soviet capture of Volchisk.

Air.—Berlin attacked in daylight by strong force of U.S. heavy bombers; 176 enemy aircraft destroyed for loss of 68 bombers. Rail yards at Trappes, 15 miles S.W. of Paris, raided at night by Halifaxes.

General.—Appointments announced: Air Vice-Marshal S. P. Simpson, C.B.E., M.C., to be A.O.C. a Coastal Command group; Air Vice-Marshal William Elliot, C.B., C.B.E., D.F.C., to be A.O.C., R.A.F. Station, Gibraltar.

MARCH 7, Tuesday *1,648th day*

Mediterranean.—Toulon naval base heavily bombed by Liberators.

Sea.—Loss in Anzio beach-head operations of cruisers Penelope and Spartan, destroyers Janus and Inglefield, and five major assault craft, announced. Revealed convoy losses now less than one ship in every thousand.

MARCH 8, Wednesday *1,649th day*

Russian Front.—Cherni-Ostrov, 11 miles N.W. of Proskurov, occupied by Russians.

Air.—More than 350,000 incendiaries and 10,000 H.E. bombs dropped on Berlin in great U.S. daylight raid. Erkner ball-bearing factory hit.

General.—Appointments announced: Lt.-Gen. Sir E. L. Morris, K.C.B., O.B.E., M.C., to be G.O.C.-in-C., Northern Command; Lt.-Gen. J. G. des R. Swayne, C.B., C.B.E., to be Chief of Staff, India; Lt.-Gen. E. C. A. Schreiber, C.B., D.S.O., to be G.O.C.-in-C., Southern Command; Major-Gen. D. G. Watson, C.B., C.B.E., M.C., to be G.O.C.-in-C. Western Command.

MARCH 9, Thursday *1,650th day*

Russian Front.—Staro-Konstantinov captured by troops of the First Ukrainian Front. River Ingulets forced and Dolinskaya-Nikolaiev railway cut by General Malinovsky's forces.

Air.—Berlin again raided by day by escorted Liberators and Fortresses. Marignane aircraft factories near Marseilles bombed by Lancasters.

MARCH 10, Friday *1,651st day*

Russian Front.—Announced that after five days' fighting, troops of the 2nd Ukrainian front under Marshal Koniev had advanced from 25 to 44 miles. Uman, Kristinovka, and Zvenigorodka occupied. 14 German divisions routed. Krasilov and Novo Konstantinov taken in Proskurov region.

General.—Rejection of U.S. note delivered to Eire on Feb. 21 requesting removal of Axis consular and diplomatic officials, announced.

MARCH 11, Saturday *1,652nd day*

Italy.—Florence and Padua bombed by Fortresses and Marauders.

Mediterranean.—Toulon heavily raided by Liberators of the 15th U.S. Air Force.

Russian Front.—Troops under Marshals Zhukov and Koniev and General Malinovsky continued to advance. Berislavl, Ladyzhenka, Zlatopol, Novo Mirogod, Belshaya-Viska and Marzhanovka taken.

Air.—Munster and military targets in the Pas de Calais area attacked by Fortresses, Liberators and Marauders. Mosquitoes over Hamburg at night.

General.—Pierre Pucheu, ex-Vichy Minister of the Interior, sentenced to death in Algiers. King Peter of Yugoslavia and his ministers arrived in England.

MARCH 12, Sunday *1,653rd day*

Russian Front.—Dolinskaya, on River Bug, captured by Red Army.

Burma.—Buthidaung (Arakan) captured by British troops of 14th Army.

Pacific.—Occupation of Wotho atoll, 75 miles N.W. of Kwajalein in the Marshall Islands, announced.

General.—Announced that as from March 13 all travel to Northern Ireland and Eire from Great Britain suspended for military reasons of "paramount importance."

MARCH 13, Monday *1,654th day*

Russian Front.—Kherson, on the mouth of the Dnieper, captured by forces of Gen. Malinovsky's command. Russians passed to the offensive at Vinnitsa.

Air.—French rail targets at Le Mans bombed by Halifaxes, and Frankfurt attacked by Mosquitoes, at night.

MARCH 14, Tuesday *1,655th day*

Russian Front.—Several German divisions trapped in Bereznegovati sector by troops of the 3rd Ukrainian Front. Proskurov offensive continued.

Home Front.—Phosphorous bombs and high explosives dropped on London in large-scale fire-raising attack.

Burma.—Announced that columns of the 14th Army had entered Upper Burma and crossed River Chindwin.

Australasia.—Defeat of Japanese attack on Bougainville Island announced.

Pacific.—Announced that Hauwei and Butjoluo Island in the Admiralties occupied by Allied troops.

★ Flash-backs ★

1940

March 12. *Russo-Finnish peace terms signed in Moscow.*

1941

March 9. *Italians launched offensive against Greeks in Albania.*

March 14. *Clydebank and Glasgow heavily bombed for second night running by more than 200 planes.*

1942

March 8. *Japanese troops landed at Lae and Salamaua (New Guinea) and seized airfield.*

1943

March 3. *Rzhev, W. of Moscow, stormed and captured by Red Army forces.*

March 4. *Two-day battle of Bismarck Sea ended. Entire Japanese convoy bound for New Guinea sunk by the Allies.*

March 12. *Vyazma, on Moscow-Warsaw main line, taken by Soviet troops.*

THE WAR IN THE AIR

by Capt. Norman Macmillan, M.C., A.F.C.

A good idea of the immensity of the background to air war is obtainable from the words spoken on February 29, 1944, by Sir Archibald Sinclair, Secretary of State for Air, when introducing, in the House of Commons, the Air Estimates for the ensuing year. The Air Secretary said: ". . . Before rearmament started the vote for air supplies was about seventeen million pounds per year, that is, about half of the then Army vote, and a little more than one-third of the vote for the Navy. Today the man power allotted to the Ministry of Aircraft Production is larger than the whole labour force in the Ministry of Supply, which in its turn is greater than the man power allotted for shipbuilding, both for the Navy and for the Merchant Service."

It could scarcely be expressed in fewer words how blind the British people were, before the war rearmament programme began, to the overwhelming part that the air would play in the coming war, and how enormous is the effort that has since been made to bring our air power to the scale required to beat the German war machine. It must be remembered, too, that that effort remained on a comparatively puny scale until the German assault was launched on the Low Countries and France. For it was not until after that attack had begun that the Ministry of Aircraft Production was formed.

It is to that blindness that we owe in great measure the long-drawn-out nature of the present war compared with the war of 1914-18. It was German air power—then in its zenith—that drove us out of Norway, and contributed in decisive measure to our withdrawal from Belgium and France. German air power forced us to leave Greece, and ousted us from Crete. Japanese air power carried the Japanese armies to the very gates of India. Truly we had many lessons to teach us how wrong-headed we had been before the war rearmament began. But there is no race that learns its lesson more thoroughly than the British. And so, today, we have gained great superiority over both German and Japanese, even when the Royal Air Force and the Dominion Air Forces alone are considered. When the American and Russian Air Forces are added to them, the superiority is far greater than was ever enjoyed by our enemies.

Sir Archibald also said: "Of the resources allotted to the air war, the largest share is given to Bomber Command." That is to be expected, for the official communiqués make it patently clear that Bomber Command suffers the heaviest casualties and therefore needs the greatest number of replacements. In addition, Bomber Command transports the heaviest loads and therefore needs the greatest labour force to produce those loads. Moreover, heavy bombers require more man-hours to produce than do fighters, and so, even if the casualties were equal, the proportion of the aircraft industry allocated to Bomber Command would have to be greater.

But it is curious, is it not, that the Air Secretary should go out of his way to draw attention to this apparently obvious allocation of man power. It can mean but one thing: that Bomber Command did not always have this priority. There must have been a time when other air interests took priority, even as the Army and still more the Navy took priority in the Service Votes in the years that Sir Thomas Inskip (as he then was) referred to as those "that the locusts" had eaten.

It is clear what those other air interests were—the Battle of Britain, the war in North Africa, and the anti-submarine war. The first may be over, the second is over, and the third appears to have been substantially won, although it cannot end until the war ends. These priorities having presumably been satisfied, Bomber Command now has its turn. What a pity that turn came so late. The war might have been finished, so far as Germany is concerned, if it had been possible to give Bomber Command the opportunity earlier to "get there firstest with the mostest men" as Mr. Churchill quoted as a reason for our North African successes.

But as with the pre-war blindness about the power of the air, there has also been war blindness about the power of the bomber. Not so very long ago there were controversies raging in the Press and in books about the relative methods of employing air power. There were those who denied to the air its place as a separate service, who said that every aircraft should serve the Navy or the Army direct in the field of war on sea or on land, and who pooh-poohed the strategic employment of bomber forces operating independently. The critics would have closed down the Air Ministry and divided up the R.A.F. into naval and military portions to be handled by the Admirals and Generals.

But this war has proved these critics to be wrong. The strategic air forces have been the deciding factors time and time again. They paved the way for the successive advances of the Eighth Army, they smashed Pantelleria, they brought about the easy landings in Sicily, they smashed the enemy air power in that island, they saved our bridgehead at Salerno, and they have done much to hold our beach-head at Anzio. The strategic air forces in the Pacific have smashed the Japanese maritime lines of communication, and have aided landings on one island after another. They have fetched and carried guns and stores of all kinds.

The Japanese—who have a two-Service air force organization—used their air strength strategically to strike at Pearl Harbour and to break our naval defence in the Malayan area of the Far East. The Americans—who also have a two-Service air organization—are now in process, due to their enormous production of over 100,000 aircraft a year, of outvying the R.A.F. in the strategic employment of military aircraft in huge independent fleets of bombers and fighters. These forces are as independent as Bomber Command.

THE BATTLE OF BERLIN

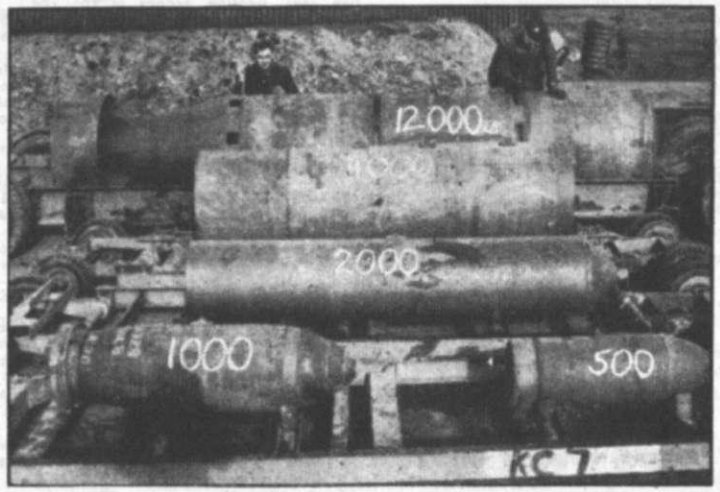
(Continued from page 604). B = Bombers. F = Fighters.

Date 1944	Target	Bomb Tonnage	Planes Missing		Planes D'stroy'd		Remarks
			B	F	By B	By F	
Feb. 15	Berlin by night with diversionary attack on Frankfort-on-Oder, by Bomber Command, R.A.F.	2,500 plus	43	—	—	—	Record force of over 1,000 sorties.
Mar. 3	U.S. Fighter Sweep sent first U.S. planes over Berlin, on diversionary sweep.	—	—	—	—	—	Only previous recorded day raid on Berlin by Mosquitoes was on Jan. 30, 1943.
Mar. 4	Berlin bombed by U.S. 8th Air Force bombers escorted by fighters of 8th and 9th U.S. A. A. A. F. and R.A.F.	?	14	23	6	9	First heavy bomber raid on Berlin by day.
Mar. 6	Similar attack by force of 1,500 bombers and fighters.	1,400	68	11	93	83	First main day attack.
Mar. 8	Similar attack by 750 bombers and 800 fighters.	1,400	38	—	42	83	Second main day attack.
Mar. 9	Berlin and Hanover American attack by day.	?	7	1	—	—	Weather heavyclouds. No fighter opposition.

NOTE: R.A.F. new 12,000-lb. bomb used for the first time against Gnome-Le-Rhône aero-engine works at Limoges on the night following Feb. 8, 1944. Used again on night following March 2 against FW190 factory at Albert.

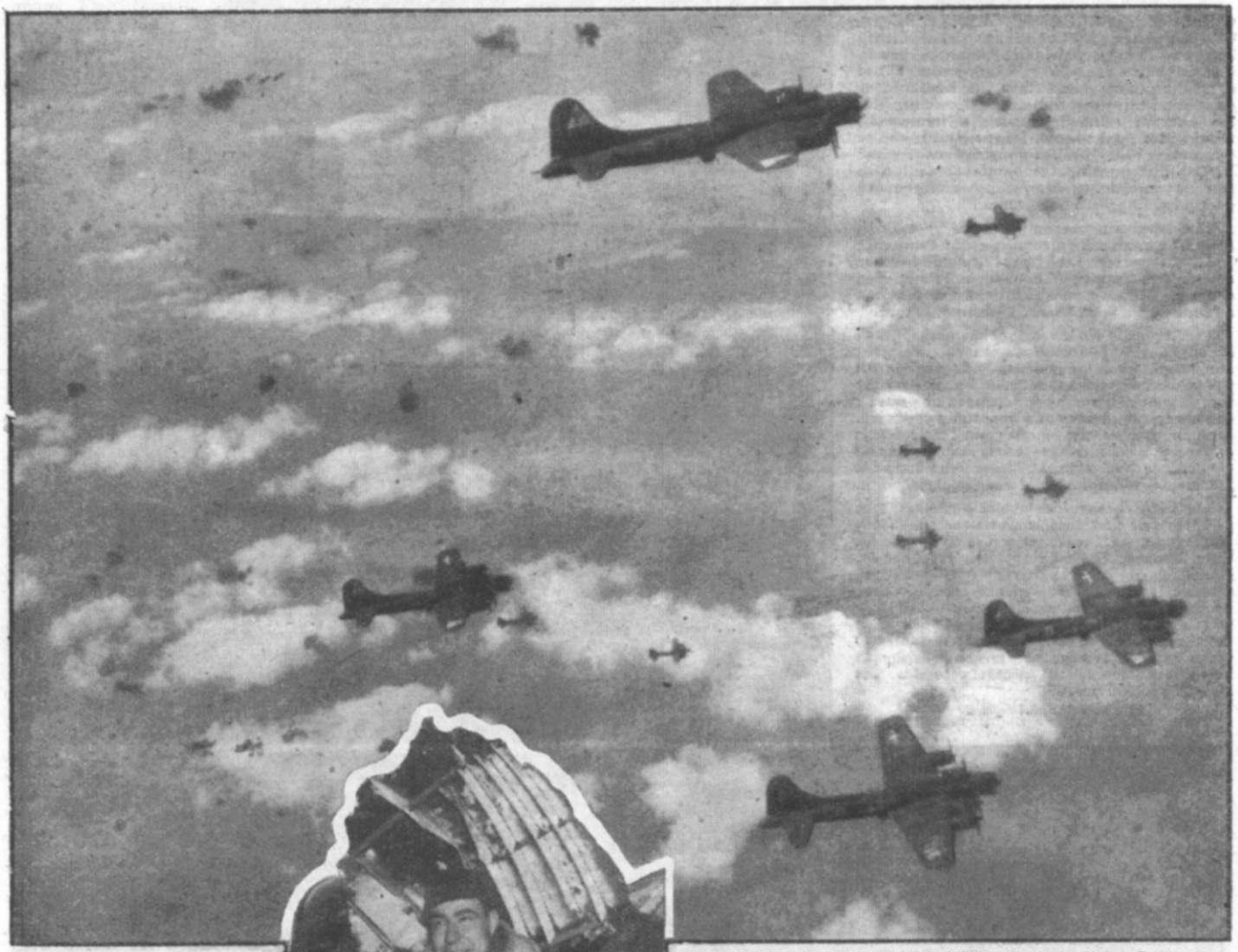
One day it will be known how great has been the contribution of the R.A.F. to the winning of the war at sea. It will be known how terrific was the destruction caused by Bomber Command in the submarine industry in Germany, how great was the part played by Coastal Command, yet how futile were the raids against submarine pens, bomb-proof and blast-proof, and what a waste of effort these raids were. You will notice we do not make these raids today. This is another lesson we have learned.

Perhaps that is why Bomber Command now has priority in the labour force that feeds the maw of war. For since Bomber Command began to make its terrific raids on German targets, the German armies in Russia have been unable to withstand the Red Armies' pressure, the Luftwaffe and the submarine have suffered—although their dragons' tails can still thresh—and German power to maintain the offensive has steadily declined. Bomber Command put Germany on the defensive. Our leaders know that now. That is why the American air forces are now striking hard upon the same strategic note.



R.A.F. RANGE OF BOMBS from the 500-lb. to the latest, the 12,000-pounder: the enormous size of the latter may be gauged from the R.A.F. men standing behind it; the 8,000-lb. bomb is not shown. See also p.p. 701 and 702.
Photo, British Official

U.S. Bombers Blast Berlin in Daylight Raids

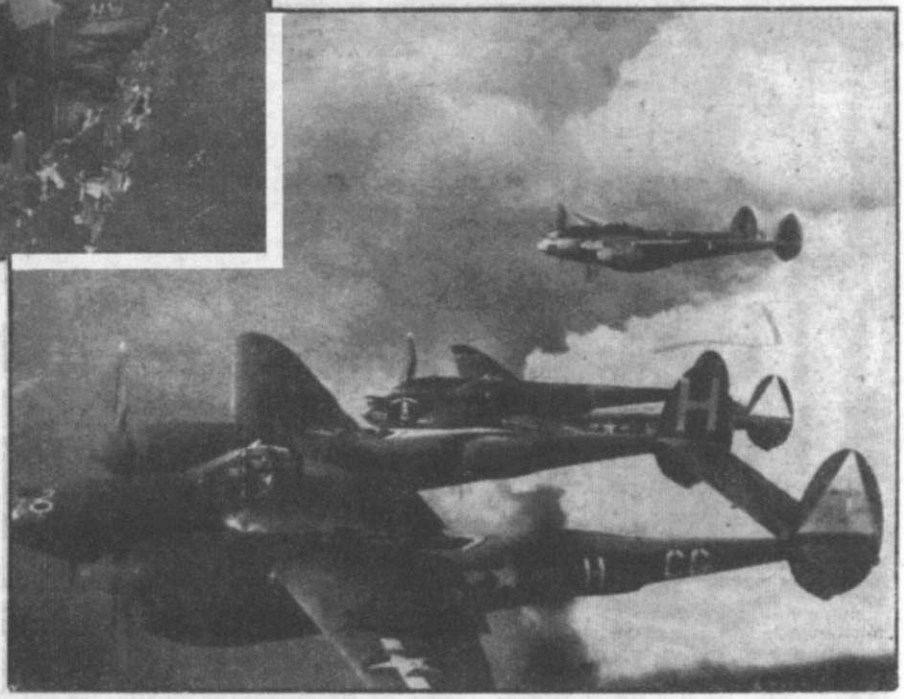


THROUGH A FLAK-FILLED SKY went these Flying Fortresses (above) of the U.S. 8th Air Force, high over the Greater Berlin area during their large-scale daylight attack.

FIRST DAYLIGHT bombing raid on Berlin by U.S. crews took place on March 4, 1944. Two days later the visit was repeated, this time on a colossal scale : hundreds of bombers of the U.S. 8th Air Force setting out to smash factories, airfields and other military installations in the Berlin district, Fortresses and Liberators having as escort and support Mustangs, Lightnings and Thunderbolts. Of these, 68 bombers and 11 fighters failed to return, but 176 enemy aircraft were destroyed. Thus are the United States Strategic Forces supplementing by day the shattering night attacks by the R.A.F.

Opposition was first encountered 100 miles west of the city, and air battles were continuous over the remainder of the distance and for part of the journey home. Hedge-hopping back after the bombs were dropped, one Fortress roared so low over the main street of one German town that its crew were able to whistle and wave to cyclists below ; hit by flak, one engine went dead, but the Fortress carried on, skimmed a bare 10 feet above the North Sea and reached its base in Britain with only one casualty—a minor cut on the tail gunner's left hand.

Outnumbering the biggest Luftwaffe formation that has ever attacked an English city, this mighty bomber force successfully delivered in full daylight an attack the weight of which was heavier than anything Britain has known. Allied blows have yet to reach their peak, as stressed by Mr. Churchill when, in his review of the war on Feb. 22, he said, "Scales and degrees of attack will be reached far beyond the dimensions of anything which has yet been employed or even imagined."



HOME AGAIN THOUGH BADLY HOLED is this Fortress (centre) ; a member of her crew thought little of the damage as he viewed his airfield again. Lightnings head back to base (below) ; these, with Mustangs and Thunderbolts, escorted the great bomber armada out to Berlin and back again.

Photos, U.S. Official, Associated Press, Planet News

R.A.F. Drops 5½-ton Bombs—with This Effect

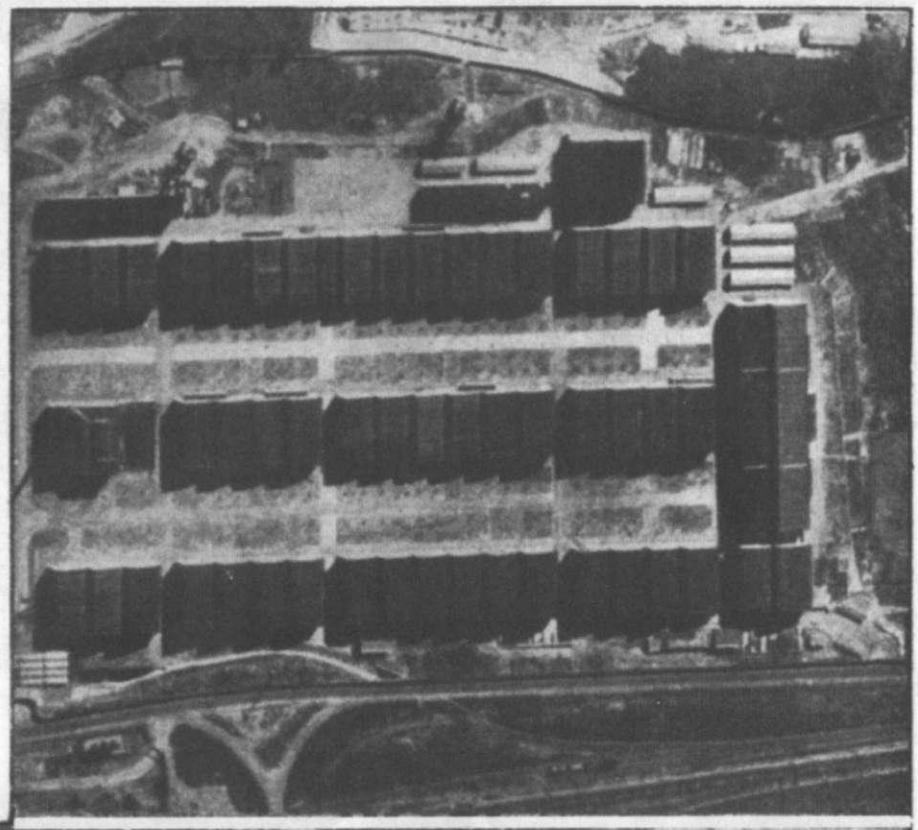
SELECTED TARGETS OF GREAT SIZE are now being dealt with by special British bombs of huge weight and enormous power. One of these 12,000-lb. "factory-busters" has such devastating effect that the flash of the explosion turns night into day. Describing how the aircraft, relieved of such a tremendous weight in a split second, leaps upward, one of our airmen said, "When you release the bomb it feels like pressing the button of a lift and finding yourself ten storeys up before you can take your finger off the button."

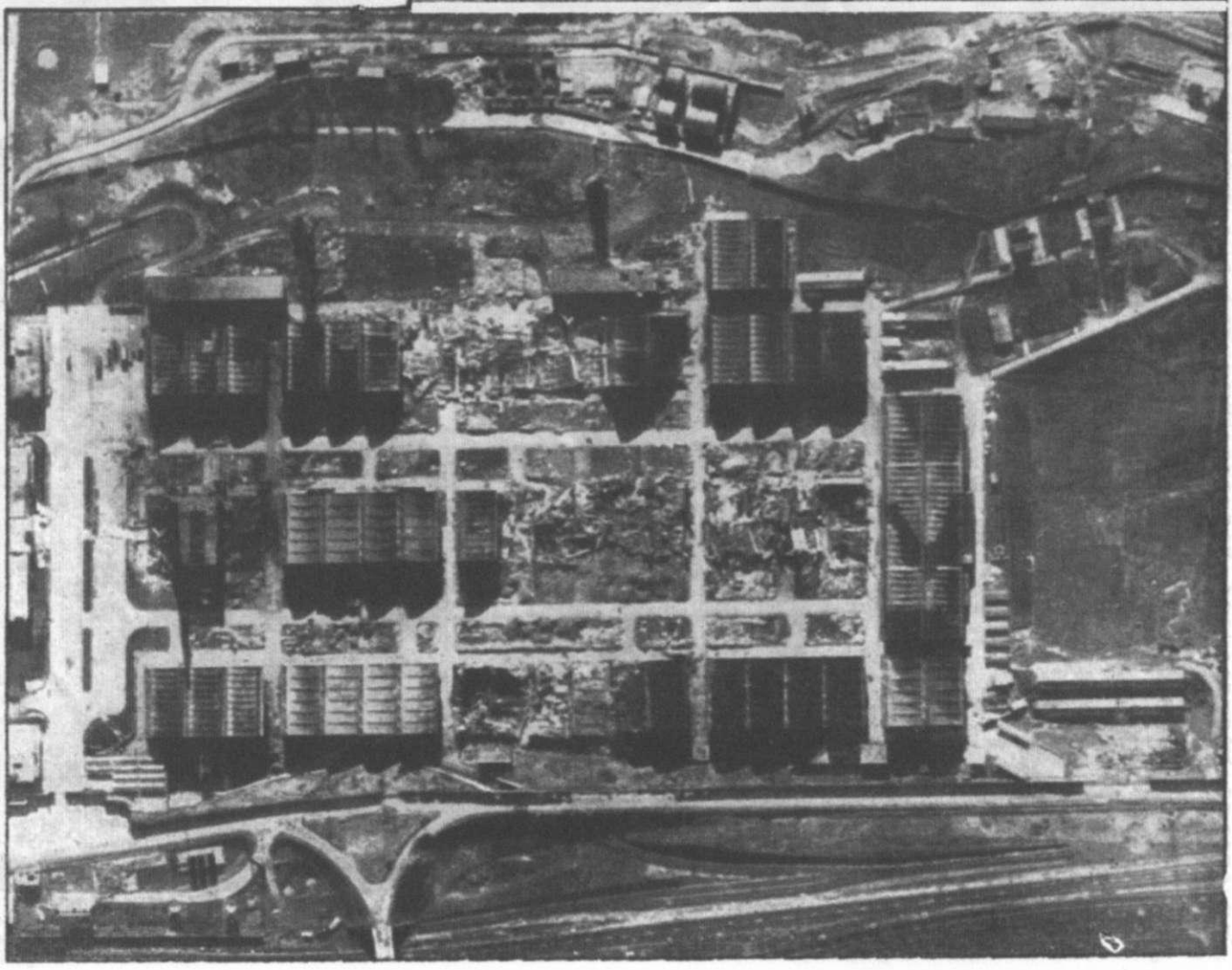
This latest air weapon was used by a small force of Lancasters on the night of February 8, 1944, to smash the large Gnome-le-Rhône aero-engine works at Limoges, in France, and again on March 2 to shatter the vast German aircraft factory at Albert, Northern France.

The Gnome-le-Rhône factory before the R.A.F. dropped their 5½-tonners is seen on the right; and, below, when the bombers had departed. All the machine shops, the boiler house and the transformer stations were destroyed or severely damaged; of 48 bays 21 were totally destroyed. Built in 1939 as one of the main repair depots of the French Air Force, it was later producing engines for Nazi aircraft. Now, indeed, has it felt the awesome weight of our mighty air arm.

The extra heavy, or "block-busting" type of bomb was first used in an attack on Naples, on October 21, 1941, when 4,000-lb. bombs were dropped. Germany got her first 4,000-lb. pounding on July 8, 1942; Wilhelmshaven was the target. Two months later 8,000-lb. bombs rained down on Karlsruhe. And now this 12,000-lb. bomb . . . Crews who sally forth with such a cargo have strict orders to make sure of hitting the target or bring the bomb back for use on another occasion. See also pp. 700 and 701.

Photos, British Official





Editor's Postscript

I HAVE sometimes said in the past, "There are too many Flag Days." But there is one coming on Tuesday, April 4, which has my very heartiest good wishes. A number of sailors' aid societies are going to collect money to provide more hostels for sailors when they are ashore. In ordinary times men who are too far from their homes or have no homes to go to nearly always go to the same place where they are known, where they meet acquaintances, where they can pick up news that interests them. Now these hostels are often too full up to take in their "regulars," who find themselves at a loose end. The number of seafaring men has greatly increased and the need for more accommodation is urgent. No one better deserves help of the kind. A chaplain of a hostel tells me many stories of the dogged devotion to duty shown by the men he comes across. One old fellow of 72, who had been seven times torpedoed, was asked if he didn't think of retiring. He retorted angrily, "Don't the women and children want the stuff we bring?" A boy of 17, torpedoed on his first voyage, had to lie up for a bit, but when someone inquired, "What shall you do when you're well again?" he just said simply, "I shall get another ship." Don't forget: April 4, and give as generously as you can.

THE case for the small trader is very persuasively put in the pamphlet which Mr. Erskine-Hill, a Conservative M.P., has published with the approval of Conservative Party headquarters. If these little shopkeepers were right in supposing that Board of Trade inspectors are specially down on them for small infractions of the law, mere technical offences, they would certainly receive public sympathy in even greater measure than they do now. But this wants a great deal of proving before it can be accepted as fact. It is, of course, always the hope of an inspector, whatever he inspects, to justify his existence by catching someone doing what he "didn't oughter." It would be very dull, going round day after day and never finding anything wrong. Also, it might suggest to the authorities that inspection was not, after all, necessary. But the Board of Trade people are not likely to be more generally in favour of the multiple stores and the big establishments than they are to be friends of the small trader. The whole question is difficult. The little shop does useful work. Many prefer its homely atmosphere. The big place offers a wider choice. But there ought to be room for both.

SOME people I know are inclined to treat the American Presidential Election preliminary skirmishes more seriously than they need. The New Statesman calls it "a major disaster, like the fall of France" that the United States should be torn in the middle of the war by this orgy of the worst kind of political intoxication. So it looks to those who are far away and who have never been in America while a Presidential struggle was in progress. On the surface there appear to be signs of disunity on every subject; of utter dishonesty in the tossing to and fro of accusations and abuse; of the most important issue (in this case the War) being lost sight of in the pursuit of trivialities. But below the surface the national mind works much as usual. I do not believe the will to victory will be in any serious degree impaired. There is acute danger, however, for the will to lasting peace in such an appeal as Thomas Dewey is making to German-Americans. Peace terms, he urges, "must not be too rigid." That is an open bid for the German-American vote, which is large in many States of the Union. Is it any wonder some Russians should be asking whether they are to take Allied assurances at their face value?

ANOTHER plea to us "not to be beastly to the Germans," as Noel Coward put it in that satirical song of his, is put forward by Mr. Brailsford in a Penguin booklet on Our Settlement with Germany, which has been denounced strongly by The Spectator, usually on the same side as the author of Scarlet and Steel and so many other works of very great value and interest. He now says "the Germans need a psychiatrist rather than a policeman," meaning that they are not really responsible for their crimes and bestialities and should be treated like hospital patients, not as criminals. That sort of appeal may have some effect on people who have not experienced German cruelty and harsh contempt, but it will not prevent the Germans from being regarded with detestation, and despised as well for their folly in worshipping creatures like the Kaiser and Hitler, for a great many years to come. It will hardly be safe for them to leave their own country and, as civil war is almost certain to rage there, it won't be very comfortable for them to stop at home. Whether the United Nations will really send "policemen," that is, armies of occupation, to try to hinder Nazis and anti-Nazis (of whom there will be plenty when they are soundly beaten) from destroying each other, is doubtful, I fancy.

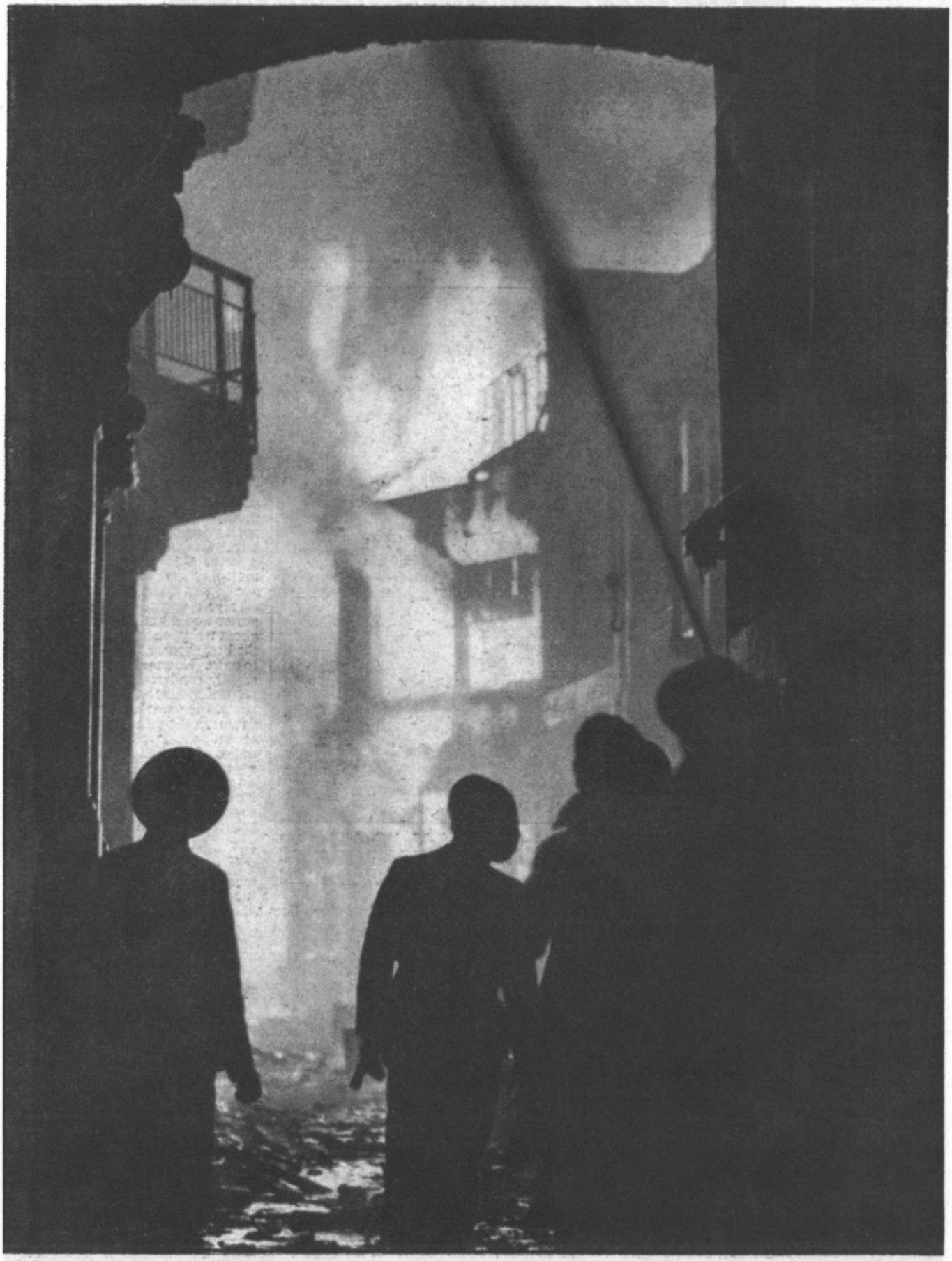
AIR MARSHAL SIR R. M. HILL, K.C.B., M.C., A.F.C., whose appointment, at the age of 49, as A.O.C. of the Air Defence of Great Britain—an organization replacing Fighter Command—was announced on Feb. 29, 1944. Previously he was A.O.C. No. 12 (Fighter) Group, R.A.F. *Photo, British Official*

WHEN a question was asked in the House of Commons the other day about delay in clearing up ruins after air raids, and the questioner, Lt.-Col. Astor of The Times, referred to this delay as reminding him of "If seven maids with seven mops swept it for half a year," it occurred to me that scarcely any book is so frequently quoted as Through the Looking Glass. Why, that very poem in which the above passage occurs bulges with lines that are continually heard. The Walrus and the Carpenter are two of the most familiar figures in our minds. This is an interesting illustration of the unexpectedness of literary fame. Recently the B.B.C. Brains Trust was asked a question: Could they say what books would be still read 100 years hence? Of course they couldn't even make a guess. When Lewis Carroll published Alice's Adventures in Wonderland, in 1865, and its continuation, Through the Looking Glass, seven years later, no one—probably least of all Carroll himself (or Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, to give him his correct name)—could have imagined that these stories written by a mathematician for children would take a permanent place in literature.

ONE of my most unforgettable cinema memories is that of Emil Jannings as the magnificent hotel porter in The Last Laugh—I think that was the title of the film in which that gorgeously attired personage was degraded to wearing ordinary clothes, in which he seemed to dwindle and collapse, and then at last he was restored to his glory and looked more resplendent than ever. I thought of him when I read that in New York there are to be women hotel porters, because of the scarcity of men. Can women ever really take the place of those most useful as well as most impressive guides, philosophers and friends to the hotel guest? Whatever you wanted to know, the hall porter would know it. You asked him about trains, about plane routes, about the best shops, about the amusements to go to. He was always helpful, affable, slightly condescending, but cheerfully reassuring whatever difficulty you might be in. He was not so prominent a figure in English hotels as in those abroad; and as in the United States the duties of the hall porter on the Continent were divided up between two or three lesser luminaries. So perhaps New York will not feel the change so much as would, say, Nice or Genoa, Scheveningen or Copenhagen.

WHY do so many of us like noise? When we rejoice, it seems as if we must do it noisily. If we want to honour a man, we cheer and sing For he's a jolly good fellow. When we part after a festive gathering in the hope that it may be followed by many more, we roar out Auld Lang Syne. In Moscow every Soviet victory (and they happen pretty often) is announced by salvos of cannon fire. This is a curious survival for a State that claims to be in the front rank of progress and culture: a survival of an instinct that was strong in the very earliest men. Whether they were glad or frightened, they felt they must create an uproar to relieve their exuberance or raise their courage. The Chinese in quite recent times let off fire crackers to scare away evil spirits. Mexican soldiers fire their rifles in the air—or did, at any rate, during their last war with the United States, believing that a loud report can be as efficacious as bullets in driving off the enemy. Beating huge drums is a method used by many African tribes to celebrate a victory or inspire warriors with determination to avenge a defeat. Many people, both in and out of the Forces, find the noisiness of this war one of its most disagreeable features. Tanks make a more hideous din than anything did before they were invented. The London A.A. barrage is something never heard in the world before.

Our Fire-Fighters Beat the Fire-Raisers



FLAMES LIGHT UP A LONDON BUILDING and reveal the men fighting the conflagration during one of the Luftwaffe's recent intensified night attacks on the Capital. The average Nazi-raised fire is short-lived, thanks to co-operation between the National Fire Service and the street fire parties. Well trained in the breathing space since the 1940-41 attacks, they help to cope now heroically with all that Germany can send down in the incendiary line. More than 30,000 instructors are responsible for the coaching of over 5,000,000 men and women fire guards. *Photo, Keystone*

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